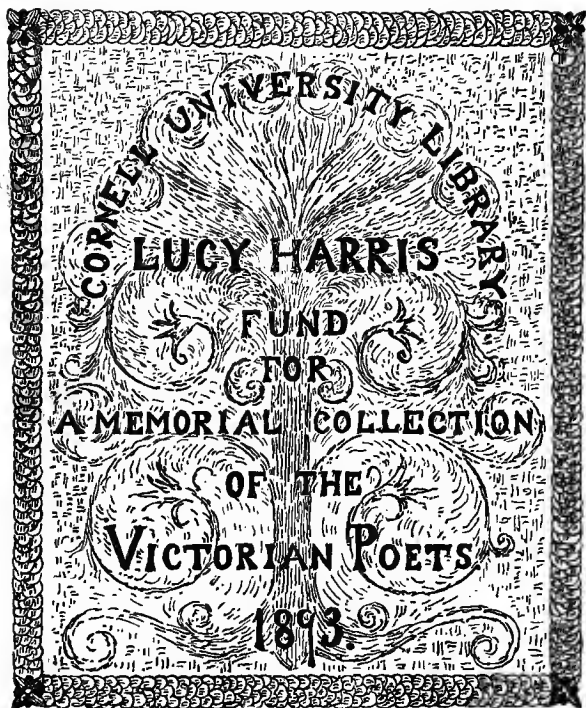


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BY  
DOROTHEA MARIA OGILVY  
OF CLOVA.



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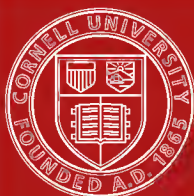
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# P O E M S :

BY

DOROTHEA MARIA OGILVY  
OF CLOVA.

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SECOND EDITION.

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PRINCE OF WALES.

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E.V.

(b)

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PRINTED AT THE ADVERTISER OFFICE,  
DUNDEE.

I.

SONG sweetens toil—it is a pleasant sound.

II.

COME one and all to the fields with me—

I hear the hum of the honey bee ;

I hear the call of the gray cuckoo ;

I hear the note of the shrill curlew ;

I hear the cry of the hunting hawk ;

The coo of the dove in our woodland walk ;

The song of the lark, the tongue of the rill,

The shepherd's shout on the pasture hill.



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*E R R A T A .*

*Page 160, line 18, should read—*

“ For thee the steel-blue dragonflies shall flash beside the springs.”

*Page 166, line 5, should read—*

“ Ben Lawers guards that strath.”

*Page 167, line 25, should read—*

“ July brings her glowing pleasures.”





## P O E M S ?

---

### SCOTLAND.

**D**EAR land of straths and glens, of corries, crags, and Bens,  
Through fairy glades of firs thy rivers run ;  
See thy flowerets on the lea,  
Opening to the sun.

There once with joy I strayed by every wild cascade,  
And the glory of the mountaineer was mine ;  
The music of the grove attuned my soul to love  
'Mid the fragrance of the birch tree and the pine.

Lone glens of sunny gleams, of sparkling rushing streams,  
Where mountains rise in purple, green, and gold ;  
In your dusky woods at dawn I have roused the sleeping fawn,  
Where the fountains glimmered pure, and clear, and cold.

'Mid the scattered rocks of grey, where the raven seeks his prey,  
And the wind sweeps evermore around the cairn,  
Thy lakes lie deep and still, in the shadow of the hill,  
In a wilderness of heather, moss, and fern.

Among the purple bells the heather lantie dwells,  
And the wailing curlew wanders wild and free ;  
In each bosky birchen grove softly croons the cushat-dove,  
And the blackbird sweetly whistles on his tree.

The ripple of the rills makes music on thy hills,  
Where the muircock rises crowing from the heath ;  
The swallow flieth low when the warm wet breezes blow,  
When the hawthorn wears its pearly blossomed wreath.

Bright shine the drops of dew on thy trembling bells of blue,  
And the wild bee gathers honey from thy thyme.  
The grey hen rears her brood by thy lilies in the wood,  
Where thy primroses bloom bonny in their prime.

They may say the northern gale early brings thee sleet and hail,  
That thy chilling fogs come creeping from the sea,  
That thy rivers rise in spate, that thy snow lies long and late—  
Old Scotland ! I can find no fault in thee.

There's a freshness in thy clime, there's a briskness in thy rime,  
There's a blessing in each airt thy winds can blow,  
There's a life spring on each brae, that can hold grim death at bay,  
Which no other land can boast of that I know.

There many a crumbling keep crowns many a rugged steep,  
And many a moss-grown wreck of hut and hold,  
Memorial tomb and stone of generations gone,  
And of bloody fields in warlike days of old.

All hail ! to bold Braemar ! to giant Lochnagar !  
To his brother Highland hills of high repute,  
Ben Macdhui and Ben Aun, by the rivers Dee and Don,  
From Mount Battock to the bonny isle of Bute.

Thy moorlands spreading wide in all their purple pride,  
Linns that foaming fall, and rise in silver spray ;  
Each burnie's brattling song, thy hazel haughs among,  
Thy grand old mountains stretching far away.

Though changeful be thy mood, fair land of fell and flood,  
Though winter chill thee long with icy arm,  
The clouds that veil thy face add but a loftier grace,  
The tears that dim thine eyes, a purer charm.

Though torn by factions rude, and many an ancient feud,  
From age to age, a fierce undaunted band  
Stood firm for Scotland's right, and still her banner bright  
Floats proudly o'er a free unconquered land !

Great garden of my heart, where the Grampian mountains part  
Into meadow lands and fields of waving corn,  
Southesk divides the knowes, where the milky heifers browse,  
Whence the laverock wings his flight at early morn.

On the Oughts' gigantic throne, where the wind makes sullen moan,  
And the winter snow lies heavy on his head,  
The solitude is sad, yet the silence makes me glad,  
And my soul is thrilled with transport and with dread.

Once more I climb the height, whence the glen of Dole looks bright,  
And the rocky riven ridge of Bachnagairn,  
I behold the eagle soar, from his eyrie on the scaur,  
And the white grouse nestle closely 'neath the cairn.

I hear the thunder roll on the scaurie of the Dole,  
When the tempest gathers blackness on its crown,  
I see the lightning flash, and the foaming torrent dash,  
And the majesty of darkness settle down.

I see Glen Clova smile, and each dim and deep defile,  
Mantle rosy in the sunset's crimson glow,  
Each cot and hamlet white, in a blaze of golden light,  
While the river mourns and murmurs far below.

I've a rapture all my own, in the torrents' distant moan,  
In the bees' low drowsy hum amid the flowers,  
In the berries ripe and red, in the heather's fragrant bed,  
In the birch trees lending sweetness to the showers.

Where Prosen Water springs, the mountain Ousel sings,  
And grassy green are hollow, holm, and brae ;  
Where alder bushes meet, the mavis lilts full sweet,  
And the heron flaps his wings of silver grey.

The blue Atlantic laves Iona's royal graves,  
And the wild and wind-blown coast of stormy Skye ;  
Correvrekan's savage roar shakes cold Mulla's rocky shore,  
And in Staffa's pillar'd caves the murmurs die.

I have seen the wild swans cross o'er the sea to Solway Moss,  
I have watched the wild ducks feeding in thy fens,  
The weary woodcocks rest, blown over from the west,  
And the gay kingfisher flashing through thy dens.

Dear land of cakes and cairns, of broth and brosy bairns,  
Of kebbucks, parritch, sowens, and lang kail—  
Here's a health to every class, Highland lad and Lowland lass,  
May their bannocks, peats, and whisky never fail.

From the Cheviot chain to Hoy, from the Grampian range to Moy,  
Nature strews her fairest gifts with liberal hand ;  
On thy high and haughty seat, with Old England at thy feet,  
On the mosses of the rolling borderland.

Among the bonny glens, among the towering Bens,  
 Thy pure inspiring air my bosom thrills ;  
 Once more in heart a child, I tread thy moorlands wild,  
 Within the magic circle of thy hills.

---

### A CRY FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

COME forth from the city, ye weary and wayworn,  
 Awhile leave its turmoil and troubles behind !  
 Come forth, like the blossoms that wake on a May morn,  
 Like odours afloat on the winnowing wind !  
 There's a cry from the Highlands, from rivulets rushing ;  
 Sweet, sweet lilt each bird on its quivering spray ;  
 The wild rose is blushing, the heathbell is flushing :  
 Away to the Highlands, the mountains, away !

... city, where Mammon, presiding,  
 flowers with his sceptre of gold,  
 To admire jocund health on the azure waves riding,  
 As fresh as the king-cup that blooms on the wold !  
 There's a cry from the Highlands, from deep dell and dingle,  
 Where rowan trees flaunt their red signals afar,  
 Where the eagle and raven their hoarse greetings mingle  
 With the curlew's wild wail on the craigs of Braemar !  
 Come taste the pure air God so freely has given,  
 Come tread the soft verdure that springs on the lea ;  
 Steal a moment on earth for a foretaste of heaven,  
 And sink to repose 'neath some shadowing tree  
 When Dawn waves her streamers of silver and gray.  
 Away ! to the moorlands, the mountains, away !

There hearts that are downcast, there hands that are weary,  
 New vigour shall gather, new rapture inspire.

Art's grandest memorials are tasteless and dreary,  
But Nature has pleasures that never can tire ;  
She consecrates time with her mystical sway,  
And restoreth the soul like a long Sabbath day.  
There's a cry from the Highlands ! Come wander, braw lasses,  
'Mid green waving breckan, where cataracts foam,  
Where bluebells bloom bright on the steep mountain passes,  
And heather birds make each lone fastness their home !  
From the dark glen of Dole keen-edged breezes are blowing,  
The Capel's dun height dons a purple array,  
In high Bachnagairn muircocks crouselly are crowing.  
Away ! to the green hills, the Grampians, away !

In the dim city, shrouded with vapour and smoke,  
O how can ye linger when summer is nigh ?  
Can ye bear to be wrapt in its funeral cloak  
When sunshine and freshness embrace in the sky !  
There's a cry from the green woods, from Scotland's dear valleys,  
From her rocks, lakes, and rivers, her islands and sea !  
Come forth, my belovèd, from dull, dingy alleys,  
Enjoy your fair birthright, your heritage free !  
There's a cry from the Highlands ! respond to it gladly,  
While summer is smiling, while autumn looks gay !  
Wake, weary and wayworn, like flowers on a May morn !  
Away ! to the Highlands, the mountains, away !



## GLEN PROSEN.

“ The broom and whin, by loch and linn,  
 Are tipp'd wi' gowd in simmer weather ;  
 Sweet and fair, but mickle mair,  
 The purple bells o' Hieland heather.”

THE sky is blue, the day serene,  
 The air is clear and bright ;  
 Sweet summer rides upon the breeze,  
 She frolics through the fresh green trees.  
 Come lads and lasses leave the plain,  
 A purer atmosphere to gain  
 Amid the lofty Grampian chain  
 That rises round Glen Prosen.

From silver Tay, where fair Dundee  
 Sits flourishing in pride,  
 Rejoicing in her varied stores,—  
 Her argosies from distant shores.  
 From wasting toils awhile refrain,  
 Ye dwellers by the sounding main :  
 Come childhood, sport on flowery braes ;  
 Come manhood, bask in noontide's rays ;  
 Come age, renew your youthfu' days,  
 Upon the banks o' Prosen.

Since balmy simmer will not stay,  
 Oh ! catch her transient smile ;  
 Lo ! beckoning from the mountain's brow,  
 She cries, “ My children seek me now ;  
 Come, trooping over dale and down,  
 From Forfar, ancient borough town,  
 Where nature's charms all cares will drown  
 In beautiful Glen Prosen.

Far from the busy haunts of men,  
And traffic's noisy hum.  
From Kirriemuir, upon the breast  
Of Strathmore's vale that lies at rest ;  
A blooming child of Angus she,  
Increasing in prosperity ;  
Come hear the murmurs of the bee  
Among the hills o' Prosen.

And thou, dear river Prosen, bright  
As beaming day, but dark as night.  
In every pool where moon and star  
Admire their beauties from afar ;  
Within each pebbly shallow lies  
The speckled trout which anglers prize ;  
Thy merry laugh, thy plaintive sighs,  
Are dear to a' Glenprosen.

When drest in verdure, lovely May  
Walks 'mid her gowden broom ;  
When heath-clad mountains crowned with snow  
Look down on primrosed glens below ;  
When flowery June her hawthorn brings ;  
When July round her roses flings ;  
When moorfowl rise on quivering wings ;  
Come wander in Glen Prosen.

We'll gather blaeberries in the shade  
By fragrant firs and birches made ;  
With scarlet brawlins on the linn,  
Where cat'racts fu' wi' echoing din ;  
The juniper and heather bell  
Will greet us on each moor and fell ;  
And patriarchs many a legend tell  
Of by-gone days in Prosen.

For rosy health and mirth are there,  
 Contentment, love, and peace,  
 And they who own the fair domain  
 Will welcome every nymph and swain ;  
 Will show where Adendaich doth rise ;  
 Where Driche and Mair salute the skies ;  
 And sunny smiles and sparkling eyes  
 Shall meet us in Glen Prosen.

---

C L O V A .

ALL hail ! thou lofty Grampian range,  
 So beautiful and grand ;  
 Partly in blooming heather drest,  
 The flower dear Scotland loves the best ;  
 Where Clova's mountains softly green  
 Amid the wild romantic scene  
 Rise a majestic band.

The braes of Angus soft ascend  
 From Strathmore's fertile vale ;  
 Adorn'd by many a noble seat,  
 Domestic home, and calm retreat ;  
 Where Ceres through embow'ring leaves  
 Looks down upon her golden sheaves,—  
 Where varying treasures blend.

Doth not each heart with rapture swell,  
 To view those verdant towers ;  
 Each rocky crest, with mist-veiled crown,  
 Whence sweeps the thundering torrent down ;  
 Memorials spared by ruthless time ;  
 Engraved with characters sublime,  
 Of by-gone days to tell ;

Of cateran bold, of valiant knight,  
    Of dire and fierce affray ;  
Of charging clans, the shout, the cry  
Of those that conquer—those that die ;  
Of booty won by lawless raid,  
And through the rugged pass conveyed—  
    Prize of the hard-won day.

When o'er the wandering Chevalier  
    His adverse fate prevailed ;  
He trod fair Clova's turf-clad hills ;  
He slept beside her trickling rills ;  
He marked the South Esk glide along ;  
He listened to the reapers' song ;  
    And wished to linger there.

Impressive scenery ! wild and stern ;—  
    Ramparts by nature made ;  
Vast barriers raised by hands divine  
In ages past—transmitted sign  
Of that great deluge, when the world  
Then rudely rent, these fragments hurled,  
    Now clothed with grass and fern.

Green Clova ! dear each rocky height,—  
    Each deep sequestered dell ;  
The braes where roam thy snowy sheep ;  
The crags where goats impetuous leap ;  
Where beauteous flowers of species rare  
Make e'en thy hoary summits fair,—  
    Thy precipices bright.

Within thy smiling valley, may  
    Sweet peace and joy abound ;

Ilk bonny lassie's lilt resound ;  
 And stalwart labourers till the ground ;  
 While all who own the ancient name  
 Of Ogilvy shall chant thy fame ;  
 And strangers join the lay.

---

## M A R Y .

*Air*—"The Flower of Dunblane."

HOW soft sink the shadows when day, disappearing  
 Behind yon gray mountain, bids Tarland adieu ;  
 While clouds to the western horizon are steering,  
 And sunset's bright glories yet linger in view.  
 Oh ! fair fa' the gloaming when Mary is roaming,  
 And the bonny lassie that dearly I lo'e ;  
 Oh ! fair fa' the gloaming, where torrents are foaming  
 Adown the steep rocks on the braes o' Ben Dhu !

She treads the rich clover where each painted rover—  
 Bright butterflies—sport the lang simmer day ;  
 She plucks the red briar rose—the woodbine its lover,  
 And twines her dark locks wi' the white-blossomed may.  
 Oh ! fair fa' the gloaming when Mary is roaming,  
 'Mid braw luckan gowans and harebells sae blue ;  
 Oh ! fair fa' the gloaming, where torrents are foaming,  
 Adown the wild corries and craigs o' Ben Dhu !

Amang the rough copsewood, across the green paling,  
 Through meadow-sweet, fair as the pearl-bosomed spray,  
 Where birches in tears are their fragrance exhaling,  
 As light as the roedeer she bounds on her way.

Oh! fair fa' the gloaming when Mary is roaming,  
 Sae winsome and bonny, sae gentle and true;  
 My steps fly to meet her, and soon shall I greet her—  
 The joy of my fond heart! the pride of Ben Dhu!

---

### THE WEARY SPINNIN' O'T.

§ ITTIN' spinnin', sitting spinnin'  
 A' the lea lang day,  
 Hearin' the bit burnie rinnin',

And the bairns at play.  
 I'm sweir to get my leg let loose,  
 To do a turn about the hoose;  
 Oh, amna I a waefu' wife,  
 To spin awa' my thread o' life?—  
 Spinnin', spinnin', ever spinnin',  
 Never endin', aye beginnin';  
 Hard at wark wi' hand and fit,  
 Oh, the weary spinnin' o't!

Sittin' spinnin', sittin' spinnin',

Vow but I am thrang,

My wee pickle siller winnin',

Croonin' some auld sang.

Leese me o' my spinnin'-wheel;  
 Gie us a' oor milk and meal;  
 Weet or dry, or het or cauld,  
 I maun spin till I grow auld—  
 Spinnin', spinnin', ever spinnin',  
 Never endin', aye beginnin',  
 Hard at wark wi' hand and fit  
 At the weary spinnin' o't.

## THE ROSE O' PROSEN.

Sittin' spinnin', sittin' spinnin',  
Sic a wear and tear,  
Taps o' tow for wabs o' linen,  
Till my heid is sair.  
Mony a wiselike wab I've spun,  
Spread and sorted i' the sun;  
Puirtith cauld is ill to bear;  
Mony bairns bring mickle care—  
Spinnin', spinnin', ever spinnin',  
Never endin', aye beginnin',  
Hard at wark wi' hand and fit,  
Oh! the weary spinnin' o't!

---

## THE ROSE O' PROSEN.

**B**Y mysel' as I daur'ert ae mornin' in May,  
Adoon the green knowes whaur the lammikins play,  
I met a bit lassock, as fresh as a rose,  
Whaur Prosen, sweet Prosen, meandering flows.

Aboon us the laverock was liting his sang,  
The blackbird was whustlin' the young leaves amang,  
When I met my bit lassock, as fresh as a rose,  
Whaur Prosen, sweet Prosen, meandering flows.

I gazed on her beauty wi' joy and delight,  
As she smiled 'mang the gowans sae bonnie and bright,  
In the flush of the morning, as fresh as a rose,  
Whaur Prosen, sweet Prosen, meandering flows.

She tauld me she cam' frae the back o' the hill,  
Whaur the Tary rins blithe ower brown braes to the mill,

To see the white hawthorn bloom bright by the rose,  
Whaur Prosen, sweet Prosen, meandering flows.

She bragged o' her doggie, her cat, and her kye,  
Hoo her minnie was good, and her grannie forbye ;  
And I pu'ed for my lassock a bonnie red rose,  
Whaur Prosen, sweet Prosen, meandering flows.

She crackit sae crouselly, sae cantie, and fain,  
That I roosed my bit lassock again and again ;  
And I ca'ed her my dawtie, my doo, and my rose,  
Whaur Prosen, sweet Prosen, meandering flows.

The dew seeks the flowers, and the flowers kep the dew,  
My lassock lo'es me, and my lassock I lo'e ;  
'Mang the wild Grampian mountains I wooed my fresh rose,  
Whaur Prosen, sweet Prosen, meandering flows.

Her gowden locks danced owre her bonnie brent broo,  
Her skin was as fair as the white cushie doo ;  
Her winsome wee mou' was as fresh as a rose,  
Whaur Prosen, sweet Prosen, meandering flows.

This bonnie bit lassock, sae cantie and fain,  
Was the pride o' her mammie, and noo she's my ain ;  
In my wee theekit shieling she blooms like a rose,  
Whaur Prosen, sweet Prosen, meandering flows.



## THE WRENS.

**I**N my little brown coat and my little brown vest,  
I stealthily hop, hop along to my nest,  
Through brushwood and broom, where the bramble briars trail,  
With a jink and a jerk, and a cock of my tail.  
With grass, wool, and feathers I line my sweet home ;  
Green moss is the roof-tree, green moss is the dome.  
And my little brown mate looks so cunning and wise,  
As deep down on her snug mossy pillow she lies ;  
She sits in the dark while I fetch her her food :  
It's no joke, I assure you, the hatching a brood.  
And I hop in and out, and I hop out and in  
Of our dear cozy nest in the old bush of whin.  
Don't you peep in our nest ! If you do, you will see  
Twenty wee, wee, round eggs, each as large as a pea,  
So glossy and white, nicely speckled with brown,  
And my gudewife she haps them up warm with her gown,  
And the brown matron watches and waits in her nest,  
And she puffs out the down on her dear little breast.  
It is wearisome work ; yet she finds pleasure in it,  
And she never will leave the nest more than a minute,  
To drink up a dew-drop and swallow a gnat,  
And to say a kind word to her gossip the bat.  
Don't you look in our nest ! If you do, you will see  
The brown mother and babies as well as can be.  
When the young ones their shells are beginning to burst,  
How they must be defended, and tended, and nurst.  
How I fidget and fuss, how I fret and I fume,  
When a rabbit or maukin leaps light through the broom.  
I'm afraid of the weasels, the mice, and the rats—  
Of the owls and the squirrels, the dogs and the cats ;  
Such a hurry and scurry and worry is life,  
That sometimes I am sorry I wedded a wife.

Yet mamma often says, if we'd nothing to do,  
I would soon tire of her, she would tire of me too—  
That she'd flirt with cock robin, who lives near our bush,  
And that I'd make great eyes at the young missel thrush ;  
And she gives me a peck so provoking and sly,  
With a wink and a twink of her bonny black eye.  
We have no little pride in our promising brood,  
And in adding our twenty new wrens to the wood ;  
Then each bantling gets clothed in a little brown vest,  
And there's cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep all day long in the nest.  
Think of twenty soft beaks all agape for supplies,  
To be filled with grubs, slugs, caterpillars, and flies ;  
Jenny Wren, too, is fond of a morsel of meat,  
And sometimes I bring her a worm as a treat ;  
The young wrens at last get so bold and so stout  
That the nest will not hold them, and then they turn out.  
Oh ! who then so busy as mother and I  
In teaching our bonny brown birdies to fly ?  
And I say to my mate, and my mate says to me,  
“ Our old house lets in rain ; let us sleep in a tree ; ”  
And I say to my mate, in the bank of red clover,  
“ We might rear a new brood ere the summer is over,  
So you'd better look out for a suitable hole  
In a hedgerow, a fir tree, or moss-covered hole.  
For our dear sons and daughters, full-feathered, full-grown,  
Fly away to have dear little nests of their own.”



## A SONG.

SWALLOWs come home on the wings of the west ;  
 The Blackbird has laid four blue eggs in her nest ;  
 The Cushie Doo builds in the fir tree's green dome,  
 Scotland is calling you—

Swallows, come home.

The Cuckoo is shouting from every green spray ;  
 The young woods are bright with the verdure of May ;  
 Oh, why do you wander ? and where do you roam ?  
 Scotland is calling you—

Swallows, come home.

The Sky Lark is up, and away on the wind ;  
 The wild Bee is kissing each flower he can find ;  
 Too long have you lingered across the white foam,  
 Scotland is calling you—

Swallows, come home.

---

 THE CLINK O' THE CHINK.

I LO'ED my Eppie weel,  
 I lo'ed my Eppie lang ;  
 She's pit me in a creel,  
 She's gi'en my heart a stang ;  
 She's ta'en the cuif ayont the hill,  
 The cadgie carle o' Clashie Mill,  
 A cocklaird wi' a pickle gowd,  
 Auld, hangit-faced, pock-marked, and bowed ;

A skrunkit, shammel-shankit loon,  
 Clamp, clampin' in his clatterin' shoon ;  
 Kenspeckle, chandler-chafted, blear'd,  
 Wi' ne'er a tooth aboon his beard.  
 It's a' for greed, it's a' for pelf,  
 She's ta'en the clekane-witted elf.  
 Oh ! the clink o' the chink is an unco cheery sound ;  
 Oh ! it's siller gars the wheels o' life gae glegly round !

I lo'ed my Eppie true,  
 I lo'ed my Eppie lang ;  
 She gar'd me tak' the rue,  
 She gar'd me change my sang.  
 Auld Wattie winna lang craw crouse,  
 Aince she's the mistress o' his hoose,  
 She'll mak' a bonny rinthereout,  
 And turn his coffers inside oot ;  
 The daft auld gowk may glunsh and girn,  
 She'll hae frae him what sairs her turn ;  
 Like ony lintiewhite she'll sing,  
 Like ony souple naig she'll fling,  
 Like ony sleekit puss she'll purr,  
 Like ony tinker tyke she'll gurr :  
 She'll win him roond wi' mickle ease,  
 And guide him ony gate she'll please.  
 Oh ! the clink o' the chink is an unco cheery sound ;  
 Oh ! it's siller gars the wheels o' life gae glegly round.

I lo'ed my Eppie sair,  
 I lo'ed my Eppie lang ;  
 I'm the waur o' the wear,  
 A'thing's gane wrang.  
 At feeing market on the green,  
 I met the wily wife yestreen ;

What think ye said the jaud to me ?  
 " Haud ye yer wheesht, and wait a wee ;  
 The gowdspring fang'd in Eppie's net,  
 Will bring a blithesome bridal yet.  
 And be na ye bumbazed wi' care,  
 For Clashie Mill is failing sair.  
 Ye hae nae gear, and, by my troth,  
 We couldna live on nettle broth !  
 Auld Wat 'll no see mony Yules,  
 He'll sune be yirded i' the mools.  
 I lo'e ye weel—I've lo'ed ye lang,  
 I'll be yer weel-dowered widow Strang !"  
 Oh ! the clink o' the chink is an unco cheerie sound ;  
 Oh ! it's siller gars the wheels o' life gang glegly round.

---

 F R O S T .

I'M a cruel sprite,  
 That oft comes in the night,  
 And my heart is hard and cold :  
 The sun during day  
 Tries to chase me away,  
 But my silver withstands his gold.

I'm an active sprite—  
 I work hard in the night,  
 And I float on the winter air ;  
 And I leave my white stain  
 On each window pane  
 To show that I have been there.

Oh ! my pencilled bowers—  
 Oh ! my delicate flowers,  
 My temples, domes, and spires :

The tracery fine  
Of each rare design  
    Melts away by the glowing fires.

I'm a gaoler stern,  
And my bread I earn  
    By chaining my victims fast—  
With my lock and key  
I restrain the sea,  
    And I breathe in the boreal blast.

Though I bind the earth  
With a tightened girth,  
    And saddle the streams with snow,  
When my empire is o'er,  
They'll escape through my door,  
    When the turbulent March winds blow.

Oh ! my kingdom lies  
Under chilling skies,  
    And my subjects are cold and pale :  
When expected the least,  
I descend to my feast  
    On the horns of the angry gale.

My blue eyes are clear,  
Tho' my frown is severe—  
    Tho' I smother the limpid wells ;  
And I watch on the porch  
Of the ivied-grown church  
    For the sound of the Christmas bells.

I am black—I am white,  
And I nip and I bite,  
    And I silver the wild swan's nest :

My shot is the hail :  
 In my clear coat of mail  
 I lie down on the dark pool's breast.

My sun sets in green,  
 With a purple sheen,  
 Among diamond and ruby rings :  
 Where the north winds blow  
 O'er eternal snow  
 I go when the blackbird sings.

---

## THE GLOAMING HOUR.

" How beautiful when light  
 Hath fled, and leaf and stream  
 Rest in a quiet dream,  
 Within the curtaining shadows of the night."

 H ! softly fa's the gloamin' hour,  
 When fades the simmer day ;  
 When sinks to sleep each tender flower,  
 Beneath its lessening ray.

Now hushed the air—the winds are mute,  
 The bees have sipped their fill ;  
 I hear the sounds of harp and flute  
 In every tinkling rill.

The glimmering shadows on the banks  
 Are like some fairy dream ;  
 Adown the brae the burnie clanks,  
 To mingle with the stream,

The cushie doo has gone to rest,  
With every tuneful bird ;  
Alane the gushing rivulet  
At intervals is heard.

The breath of God—His balmy air  
Is fresher, cooler now ;  
It softly fans like angels' wings,  
And soothes each care-worn brow.

The rushing torrent from the mill  
Has ceased its deafening sound ;  
And evening, on her pensive brow,  
Her coronal has bound.

There myriad stars, as diamonds bright,  
Surround the lady moon ;  
She waits to greet approaching night ;  
For me he comes too soon.

The heather clusters round my feet—  
The bracken's waving plume—  
Wi' mony a flower that springs fu' sweet,  
Amang the gowden broom.

The lintie's note to me is dear—  
The blackbird's evening ca'—  
But Mary's voice alane can cheer  
My heart at gloamin' fa'.

Oh, gloamin' hour ! sweet gloamin' hour !  
Dear to my heart art thou ;  
Wi' thee I meet my bonny flower  
Beneath the greenwood bough.

## THE QUHARITY.

THE Quharity's a bonny stream,  
 It winds by haugh and shieling,  
 Where rays of light thro' rowans gleam,  
 Their coral beads revealing.  
 It runs along a rapid course,  
 Yet not to join the sea,  
 But seeks the rolling Esk perforce ;  
 Such is its destiny.  
 Bright Quharity, on Angus braes,  
 Lists to the wailing plovers,  
 The moorfowl on its border strays,  
 The roedeer in its covers.  
 Each merry warbler of the skies  
 Above its bosom sings ;  
 The sun looks down with glowing eyes  
 Into its glittering springs.  
 Sweet Quharity, thy banks are gay  
 With blue bells nursed in June ;  
 Each wild wind swells thy plaintive lay,  
 That ever sounds in tune ;  
 Here bending beeches veil thy face,  
 Deep mirrored in thy flow,  
 There, gean trees cast their clouds of lae  
 Upon thy stream below.  
 Linger awhile by ruins gray,  
 That fondly gaze on thee—  
 The dwelling place, for many a day,  
 Of many an Ogilvy.  
 Thy waters, as they speed along,  
 Amid thy fleet career,

Re-echo the unchanging song  
 Their fathers wont to hear ;  
 Tell of their warlike deeds of old,  
 Their loyal ancestry—  
 How noble names can ne'er be sold  
 Like land, and tower, and tree ;  
 Pausing—transmit the ancient lore  
 That celebrates their fame,  
 Then in the Esk for evermore,  
 Lose both thyself and name.

---

## P R I D E .

† DAUGHTER of Eve, albeit thy face be fair,  
 The crowning grace of all is wanting there :  
 The lowly garment of humility  
 Thy Saviour wore is never seen on thee.  
 Thy cold disdainful air, thy scornful glance,  
 Thy languid smile, are born of arrogance.  
 Thou hast no genius to thy state allied—  
 No wit, no talent ; thou hast nought but pride—  
 No high-born courtesy, no simple ease,  
 No elegance refined, no power to please.  
 Go, sordid votary at Mammon's shrine,  
 Untiring labourer in his golden mine,  
 Go, nurse the envenomed serpent in thy heart,  
 In the world's pageant play thy paltry part.  
 The pride of life wins all thy poor regard—  
 The pride of life shall be thy rich reward.  
 The poor in spirit shall bewail thy pride,  
 Blush when they meet thee, weep, and turn aside.  
 How low thy pride, how abject thy conceit,  
 Thou once shalt know—when thou and death shalt meet.

## DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

GR<sup>E</sup>AT Queen Elizabeth  
Lies at the point of death,  
Struck by the hand of fate,  
Disconsolate.

To soothe her dying hour,  
Her conquests and her power,  
Her grand, triumphant reign,  
Are all in vain.

Low on the floor she lies,  
She weeps, she groans, she sighs,  
Remorse, with fiery dart,  
Consumes her heart.

In life's vainglorious hours  
She broke the fairest flowers ;  
She sinks in Death's dark flood  
Bestained with blood.

Sad sights distract her eyes,  
She utters mournful cries ;  
Sad sounds are in her ears,  
Her doom she fears.

The pomp, the pride of life,  
Ambition, love, and strife,  
On her have closed the door  
For evermore.

Agèd, and gaunt, and grey,  
A lioness at bay,

Lies Queen Elizabeth,  
Dethroned by death !

A phantom crowned and wan,  
A Queen to judgment gone,  
Bends o'er her dying foe,  
And points below !

Essex, the bold, the proud,  
Glides past her in his shroud ;  
The headsman did his part,  
And broke her heart.

She feels the pangs of guilt ;  
The guiltless blood she spilt,  
Like Abel's from the sod,  
Cries out to God.

The sun in clouds goes down,  
A Stuart heirs her crown ;  
England, with loud acclaims,  
Will hail King James.

Beside her, Cecil stands,  
Receives her last commands ;  
The vital spark has fled—  
The Queen is dead.



## WINTER WOOING.

**D**OWN we went to the ice-covered brook,  
Jenny and I ;  
She gave me a smile, I gave her a look  
And a sigh.  
The air was so cold, and our hearts were so warm,  
Jenny and I,  
That we drew near together and walked arm-in-arm,  
Oh ! so shy !  
The path was so slippery, our boots were so tight,  
Jenny and I ;  
We'd to cling to each other to stand quite upright,  
High and dry.  
To keep off a chill, how we ran and we raced,  
Jenny and I ;  
She'd have fallen had I not put my arm round her waist,  
On the sly.  
We arrived at the brook at a galloping pace,  
Jenny and I,  
When I kissed her two roses bloomed sweet in her face,  
Beauty's dye.  
The ice-covered brooklet we much did admire,  
Jenny and I ;  
And we finished our wooing that night by the fire,  
By and by.  
'Tis now full thirty years since, in youth's paradise,  
Time does fly !  
We stood by the brook covered over with ice,  
'Neath the sky ;  
'Tis now full thirty years that we've been man and wife,  
Jenny and I,  
And she loves me, and I'll love her more than my life,  
Till I die.

## TO KATHARINE.

 HERE thou dwellest, my sweet,  
Winter arriveth late nor lingers long ;  
Soon shall the purple violets kiss thy feet—  
Soon shalt thou hear the lark's refreshing song.

To gladden thy dark eyes  
The sunny primrose, the anemonè pale  
In grassy glades, in mossy nooks shall rise  
To welcome in the lily of the vale.

For thee the early hours  
Shall scatter dew-drops on their cloth of gold ;  
For thee shall Spring prepare her feast of flowers,  
Her banner blue unfold.

The sunset's ruddy light,  
With ruby-red shall stain the purple sea ;  
The moon ascend the starry throne of night  
To look on thee.

Mute are the whirring mills ;  
The mountain peaks are silvered o'er with snow ;  
The frozen brooklets wear their frosted frills,  
White ferns down bending low.

Doth thy glad spirit dance,  
When the wild tempest shakes the leafless land,  
O'er ice-bound lakes when Northern meteors glance,  
When billows beat the strand ?

Tender and quiet dove,  
Thy nest is one of England's peaceful dales ;

There dost thou hear the throstle's hymn of love,  
There dost thou warble with the nightingales.

When first I saw thy face,  
I loved thy bearing, gentle and refined ;  
I loved thy form, endowed with youth and grace—  
Thy spirit bright and kind.

Over the trackless moor,  
Wrapped in thy Highland plaid and mantle gray—  
A ministering angel of the poor—  
I see thee take thy solitary way.

Bleak Winter chills the air ;  
Summer is in thy home and in thy heart ;  
Bright thoughts, kind feelings, peace and love are there,  
They are where'er thou art.

I'll crown thee Queen of May  
With blue bells, buttercups, and butterflies ;  
I'll kiss thee on thy coronation day,  
My Katharine, sweet and wise.

---

## THE FLOWER GIRL.

**B**UY my sweet April violets, lady, buy,  
Blue as your eyes,  
Gathered before the sun with golden dye  
Had tinged the skies.  
Their leaves are glittering wet with drops of dew,  
Pure as the rill,  
That babbled o'er the meadow where they grew,  
And turned the mill.

Where fresh winds kissed the ripples of the brook  
That danced along,  
I heard the cawing of the building rook,  
The blackbird's song.  
The blithe lark carolled in the morning air  
On quivering wings ;  
Primroses blossomed here and there  
In fairy rings.  
The sky—it was so clear and cool  
Above my head,  
Her golden tassels in the dimpling pool  
The willow shed.  
The miller's boy had cheeks like roses red,  
And he was kind,  
He brought me violets from his garden bed  
With lilies twined.  
Buy my sweet April violets, lady, buy !  
Our home is bare,  
There does my mother pine, and baby cry,  
'Mid want and care.  
She has no fire, the early spring is cold ;  
No bread to give ;  
Ah me ! were but my scented violets sold,  
We then might live.  
Bestow some aid, for gentle Jesu's sake,  
Else we must die ;—  
My prayer is heard, my thanks and blessing take.  
Buy my sweet violets, buy !



## S U N S E T.

“ Der Tag ist nun vergangen  
Die guldnen Sternlein prangen  
Am blauen Himmels saal.”

 OLD over the hills,  
Silver over the gold ;  
Blue, amber, scarlet, and purple rills,  
The banner of God unrolled !

I have seen daylight rise  
When night and morning met ;  
But, ah ! far more I prize  
The glow of her fair sunset.

Hope's unfading beams  
Her vanishing smiles adorn,  
Upon her in glory streams  
The light of eternal morn.

Love and beauty rare  
Float in the painted skies ;  
The portals of heaven are there,  
The gleam of its angels' eyes.

Type of parting breath,  
Thus, when my day is done,  
Illumined by hope in death,  
I would sink like the setting sun.



## SEA BIRDS:

## A SONG.

HISTLING and wailing,  
Swinging and sailing,  
Darting and skimming,  
Diving and swimming,  
Over and away, over and away,  
Over and away in the golden ray.  
Flapping and screaming,  
Floating and gleaming,  
The blue sea mew and the grey curlew,  
The green sea over—  
The purple clover ;  
Over rushy rills,  
Over heathy hills,  
Over and away, over and away,  
Over and away, in the blue of May,  
The grey curlew and the blue sea mew,  
Pewit and plover,  
The green hills over ;  
Over grassy dens,  
Over mossy fens,  
Over and away, over and away,  
Over and away where the wild winds stray,  
The blue sea mew and the grey curlew,  
Bright brooklet over,  
Dim hazel cover ;  
Over cold grey rocks,  
Over bleating flocks,  
Over and away, over and away,  
Over and away, where the sunbeams play ;  
The grey curlew and the blue sea mew,

The grey sea over—  
The snow-white clover  
Over greenwood glade,  
Over white cascade,  
Over and away, over and away,  
Over and away o'er the silver spray,  
The blue sea mew and the grey curlew,  
    Dotterel and plover,  
    The blue hills over ;  
    Over granite cliffs,  
    Over swinging skiffs,  
Over and away, over and away,  
Over and away in the blaze of day.  
The grey curlew and the blue sea mew,  
    Dark pinewoods over,  
    Brown moorland cover ;  
    Over lowing steer,  
    Over bounding deer,  
Over and away, over and away,  
Over and away o'er the new-mown hay.  
The blue sea mew and the grey curlew,  
    Green and golden plover,  
    Red mosses over ;  
    Over waving fern,  
    Over wimpling burn,  
Over and away, over and away,  
Over and away o'er the river Tay.  
The grey curlew and the blue sea mew,  
    Petrel and plover,  
    The white sails over ;  
    Over bridge and boat,  
    Over mill and moat—  
    Swinging and sailing,  
    Whistling and wailing,

Diving and swimming,  
 Darting and skimming,  
 Over and away, over and away,  
 Over and away in the gloaming grey.  
 The blue sea mew and the grey curlew,  
     Hover and hover,  
     The brown bent over,  
     Over shingly beach,  
     Over sandy reach,  
 Over and away, over and away,  
 Over and away, over and away.

---

## WILD THYME.

“ Hey, and the Rue grows bonnie wi’ Thyme.”

**H** ASKED the little mountain bee  
 Which flower he loved the best,  
 From silver dawn till noontide’s ray  
 Sank in the soft decline of day,  
 And evening, with her mantle gray,  
     Died in the purple west ?

“ ’Tis difficult,” replied the bee,  
     “To choose my favourite flower ;  
 In sooth, I love them all so well—  
 My golden furze, my heather-bell,  
 My perfumed violet in the dell  
     Wet with the glittering shower.

“ I am a little roving bee :  
     I wander far and wide ;

Caress each painted flower that blows,  
 The harebell blue, the damask rose,  
 Whose opening buds a heaven disclose ;  
 And peerless London pride.

“ Where loving nature bids me roam,  
 I wing my devious flight ;  
 To fields of clover white and red,  
 To orchis in his changing bed,  
 Where spotted cowslips hang the head,  
 I leave them when their charms have fled ;  
 I am a fickle wight.

“ My warblings,” quoth the busy bee,  
 “ Are heard in every glade ;  
 Where meadow-sweet, geranium wild,  
 With many a short-lived summer child,  
 Have gaily bloomed and brightly smiled ;  
 And oft my lingering hours beguiled,  
 In sunshine and in shade.”

“ Oh ! hasten little flirting bee  
 Thy favourite bud to choose ;  
 Where is the richest incense found ?  
 Where does the honey most abound  
 On hill,—in valley sun embrowned—  
 ‘Mong sweets of varying hues ?”

“ If thus molested on the wing,”  
 The errant knight replied—“ I’ll sting !  
 And yet, methinks I will confess  
 Where I have placed my happiness :

“ There is a preference in my heart,  
 With which I never mean to part ;

All Flora's blooming train are dear,  
 Yet one alone has blossomed here ;"  
 With that he showed his beating heart,  
 Transfixed by Cupid's piercing dart.  
 Said he,—“ I prize my Mignonette ;  
 Fair Jasmine is my household pet ;  
 My creamy Hawthorn in the grove,—  
 My charming Heliotrope I love ;  
 I kiss the sweetly-scented Lime,  
 But nestle in the fragrant Thyme.  
 Inured to keen and bracing air,  
*Serpyllum* climbs the mountains bare,  
 Yet sometimes seeks the gay parterre—  
 She welcomes every smile and sigh—  
 The changes of a northern sky ;  
 And aromatic perfume yields,  
 Alike in glens and lowland fields ;  
 No gaudy show adorns her dress,  
 Companion of the wilderness !  
 She is the lady formed for me,—  
 The darling of the honey bee.  
 Go, tell the world in flowing rhyme,  
 That best I love the moorland Thyme.”

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### THE PRAYER IN THE WOODS.

IN the wood's green heart at noon-day,  
 Where the deepest shadows lie,  
 God of Mercy ! God of Justice !

Listen to a sinner's cry.

While the whispering winds Thy glory  
 To the rustling leaves reveal,  
 With Thy balm of consolation  
 Now my wounded spirit heal.

In the branches bending o'er me,  
While the weary warblers rest,  
May Thy dove-like peace, descending,  
Softly nestle in my breast.  
Where the pale Anemone sweetly  
Blooms below the linden bough,  
Grant me, Lord, Thy benediction,  
While Thy sunbeams gild my brow.  
While the dewdrops glitter round me,  
While the rainbow spans the sky,  
With my spirit hold communion,  
While the bee goes murmuring by.  
In the butterfly resplendent,  
In the honeysuckle bower.  
I discern Thy peerless beauty.  
I adore Thy mighty power.  
While the fragrance of the wild flowers  
Rises from the fresh, green sward,  
With the wild fern waving round me,  
Let me dwell upon Thy Word.  
On the thick, soft mosses kneeling,  
In the summer's balmy air.  
God of Mercy ! God of Justice !  
Hearken to a sinner's prayer.  
Solemn as the croaking ravens,  
In the yew trees, dark and drear,  
All my sins arise before me,  
And Thine anger, Lord, I fear.  
Life is frail and full of danger ;  
Life is brief and full of care ;  
All my sins arise before me—  
Save me, Jesu, from despair.  
Thou hast wept in mortal anguish,  
Thou hast borne our mortal thrall ;

All my sins arise before me—  
Unto Thee for help I call.  
Where the rushing, rippling river  
Mingles with the mighty sea ;  
All my sins arise before me—  
May they all be lost in Thee.  
Where the rose in silence blushes,  
Where the lily droops her bells ;  
All my sins arise before me,  
All my soul with misery swells.  
As Thy mercy still endureth,  
Like the fir trees evergreen ;  
All my sins arise before me—  
Let me on Thy bosom lean.  
In the purity of beauty  
That the summer woodlands know ;  
All my sins arise before me—  
Wash me whiter than the snow.  
In the solitary places  
Where the dappled deer recline ;  
All my sins arise before me—  
Fill my soul with thoughts divine.  
Summer clouds flit o'er the azure,  
Summer rain comes pattering down ;  
All my sins arise before me—  
'Tis Thy Cross shall win my crown.  
All my spirit melts within me,  
Listening to the cushat's moan ;  
All my sins arise before me,  
In the solemn woods alone.  
All my youthtime's fitful follies,  
Which my soul can ne'er forget,  
All my sins arise before me,  
Unavailing is regret.

Trembling with a deep emotion,  
 Falling tears bedew the sod ;  
 All my sins arise before me—  
 All my soul ascends to God.  
 In the wood's green heart at noonday,  
 Where the deepest shadows lie,  
 God of Mercy ! God of Justice !  
 Harken to a sinner's cry.  
 Sins repented are forgiven,  
 Answered forest, hill, and glen,  
 And the voices of the river  
 Murmured low a deep Amen.

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### RANDOM SHAFTS, OR CROSS PURPOSES.

**T**HERE were four maids of Apsley Hall,  
 And the sun shines on the river ;  
 Two were short, and two were tall,  
 And you ne'er saw sweeter, never !  
 The two that were short the oldest were—  
 Hark ! how the bells are ringing ;  
 Two were dark, and two were fair,  
 Where the wild wood flowers are springing.  
 The fairest two were the youngest born,  
 And the moon shines on the river ;  
 Oh ! they were fair as the fairest morn,  
 And you ne'er saw fairer, never.  
 Each maid was beloved by a gallant knight—  
 Hark ! how the birds are singing ;  
 Each sister she loved a sister's knight,  
 Where the bonnie wild flowers are springing.

Harold the bold loved Ellen sweet,  
And the sun shines on the river ;  
Sir Mortimer knelt at Matilda's feet,  
And you ne'er saw nobler, never.  
Cicely was wooed by Sir Walter Gray—  
Hark ! how the bells are ringing ;  
And William would lay down his life for May,  
Where the wild wood flowers are springing.  
But ah ! God wot ! 'twas a doleful chance,  
And the moon shines on the river ;  
Cupid, he shot his darts askance,  
And the stream runs on for ever.  
Sweet Ellen, she pined for Sir Walter Gray—  
Hark ! how the birds are singing ;  
Cicely loved Harold for ever and a day,  
Where the bonny wild flowers are springing.  
Matilda would fain be sweet William's bride,  
And the sun shines on the river ;  
Young May was ever at bold Mortimer's side,  
And the stream runs on for ever.  
Harold gave sweet Ellen a ruby ring—  
Hark ! how the bells are ringing ;  
And she dropped it down a bubbling spring,  
Where the bonny wood flowers were springing.  
Sir Mortimer gave Matilda a golden chain,  
And the moon shines on the river ;  
And she cast it out in the dripping rain,  
Where the stream flows on for ever.  
Sir Walter gave Cicely a crimson hood—  
Hark ! how the birds are singing ;  
And she left it to fade in the tangled wood,  
Where the bonny wild flowers are springing.  
Young William gave May a cross of gold,  
And the sun shines on the river ;

And she buried it deep in the churchyard mould,  
Where the stream runs on for ever.

Sweet Ellen gave Sir Walter a lily flower—

Hark ! how the bells are ringing ;

And he gave it to Cicely at the gloaming hour,

Where the bonny wood flowers are springing.

Cicely gave bold Harold a silken plaid,

And the moon shines on the river ;

And he gave it at the dawning to his own dear maid,

Where the stream flows on for ever.

Matilda gave young William a silver knife—

Hark ! how the birds are singing ;

And he gave it to sweet May when he wooed her for his wife,

Where the bonny wild flowers are springing.

May gave Mortimer a tender glance,

And the sun shines on the river ;

And he gave it to Matilda in the moonlit dance,

Where the stream runs on for ever.

Alas ! for true love when it meets with scorn—

Hark ! how the bells are ringing ;

Alas ! for the hearts that to grief are born,

Where the bonny wood flowers are springing.

Sir Walter sailed o'er the salt sea foam,

And the moon shines on the river ;

And bold Harold he sighs in his mountain home,

And you ne'er saw sadder, never.

Sir Mortimer has ta'en to the wassail bowl—

Hark ! how the birds are singing ;

Young William mutters *Avés*, and wears a cowl,

Where the bonny wood flowers are springing.

Sweet Ellen dieth daily of a breaking heart,

And the sun shines on the river ;

Matilda pierced her bosom with a golden dart,

Where the stream flows on for ever.

Cicely roams wild o'er moor and fell—

Hark ! how the bells are ringing ;

May, she prays and weeps in a convent cell,

Where no bonny wild flowers are springing.

Oh ! fancy is free, and what must be will befall,

And the moon shines on the river ;

Oh ! either have your chosen love, or else have none at all,

And the stream runs on for ever.

## WITH YOU.

**A** FRESHET on a mountain gushes  
 Through blue forget-me-nots and rushes ;  
 There breckan green and tawny bent,  
 With white and yellow marsh-flowers blent,  
 Dot emerald moss with dew besprent,  
 Where Highland sheep do eat their fill,  
 There runs a rill adown the steep.  
 To hear the crooning of the rills,  
 The whistle of the wild curlew—  
 To see the purple of the hills,  
 I'll go with you, I'll go with you.

I've listen'd long with bated breath,  
 All was so silent on the heath—  
 So still the mighty mountains lay,  
 In their calm grandeur stern and grey,  
 They seemed to draw my soul away ;  
 With very bliss my bosom swells  
 'Mid heather-bells sweet as thy kiss.  
 To hear the cornraik in the grass,  
 The clarion of the glad cuckoo—  
 To see the misty mountain pass,  
 I'll go with you, I'll go with you.

A lovely Grampian slope I know,  
 Where sweeter flowers than roses blow—  
 Where heath-fowl brood, where dun deer browse,  
 On birken braes, on broomy knowes  
 Beneath the fir trees' red-stain'd boughs,  
 Where berries shine like coral beads,  
 Their silken threads where spiders twine.  
 To hear the plashing of the springs,  
     The cooing of the cushie-doo,  
 To see the heron's blue-grey wings,  
     I'll go with you, I'll go with you.

---

## B E N Y G L O E .

 'ER Athol's far-famed wide extending glens,  
 And streams that brightly flow,  
 With purple mantle folded on his breast  
     Looms towering Ben y Gloe.

Alike majestic in his summer garb,  
     Or girt with dazzling snow,  
 The glorious sun delights with golden beams  
     To decorate his brow.

The vassal mountains round his giant form  
     Before their chieftain bow,  
 His crown of stars amid the skies he wore  
     In ages past as now.

Where silence sleeps upon his lonely cairn,  
     His hoary Lichens grow ;  
 Imperial eagles round his banner sweep,  
     Enthroned on Ben y Gloe.

Wild wailing echoes to his crags repeat  
The raven's croak of woe,  
The spirits of the storm descend in mist,  
And scowl from Ben y Gloe.

- Where goats impetuous leap from ridge to ridge,  
Haunts of the hooded crow,  
The plaintive bleatings of his browsing sheep  
Rise on the wind's halloo.

High o'er his rocky crest magnificent  
Bends the ethereal bow—  
Almighty God in deep-mouthed thunder speaks  
From "cloud-capped" Ben y Gloe.

Like maddened coursers down his deep ravines  
His headlong torrents go ;  
Nor stop to kiss on corrie, bank, and brae,  
The flowers of Ben y Gloe.

Aerial vapours o'er his furrowed face  
Their fleeting shadows throw,  
And day's resplendent monarch, bathed in blood,  
Expires on Ben y Gloe.

The moon, whose meek-eyed beauty lends a grace  
To desolate Glencoe,  
Pours her mild radiance on each Grampian height,  
And silvers Ben y Gloe.

His granite shield is scarr'd with many a dint,  
Where Time hath dealt the blow ;  
As proud a name as lordly Lochnagar  
Hath haughty Ben y Gloe.

Oft has he heard the gathering of the clans—  
The clash of arms below ;—  
The Gael's tumultuous slogan shake the land,  
“ For Charles and Ben y Gloe !”

From high Schehallion marked the cross of fire  
Sink in the woodlands low ;—  
Ah ! then the waefu' widow's coronach  
Rose up to Ben y Gloe.

Oft has the pibroch, in his deep defiles,  
Aroused the couchant roe,  
Where plaided warriors sleep, who nobly fell,  
Entombed on Ben y Gloe.

Hushed is the din of sanguinary strife,  
Dead each contending foe ;  
No more shall heaps of Albyn's bravest slain  
Encumber Ben y Gloe.

Sweet Birken bowers his heathy knolls adorn,  
The wizard Elm and Sloe,  
And many a Skibo crops the fragrant Thyme  
That blooms on Ben y Gloe.

His royal stag reclines, 'mid waving fern,  
Beside the dappled doe ;  
To them in pleasant places fall the lines  
On stately Ben y Gloe.

Still does the curtained Camera of my mind  
His matchless grandeur show,  
Nor time nor distance can dissolve the spell  
That binds to Ben y Gloe.

Still, as in dreams I climb his crested cliffs,  
 Drenched by the driving scrow,  
 I hear the lasses lilt—the Collie's bark  
 Ring blythe on Ben y Gloe.

Can Alp or Appenine such rapture yield  
 To Scotland's daughter?—No !  
 My soul at death the Highland hills will seek,  
 And soar from Ben y Gloe !

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### OH, MAIDEN SWEET!

**O**H, maiden sweet ! oh, maiden rare !  
 Give God the glory ! thou art fair ;  
 Thine eyes are like the crystal blue  
 Of water that the sun shines through ;

They softly gleam with shy delight,  
 Through shading fringes dark and bright,  
 That rest in bashful beauty meek,  
 Upon the soft and glowing cheek.

Thy beauty shall each heart beguile,  
 Thy tears, thy blush, and ah ! thy smile !  
 Thy bosom, fair and pure within,  
 Thy rosy lips and dimpled chin ;

Thy waving hair in many a fold  
 Inwrought with Nature's finest gold ;  
 Thy small fair ear, thy perfect throat,  
 Thy laughter like the wood-lark's note ;

Thy winsome ways, thy wit refined,  
Thy voice so low, so sweet and kind ;  
Thy stately form, thy courteous mien,  
My life ! my goddess ! and my queen.

Thy baby hands, thy rounded arms,  
Thy grace, that Envy's self disarms ;  
Oh, lily, whiter than the rest !  
Oh, fairest dove ! within the nest !

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## THE BIRKS OF INCHDOWRIE.

## A SONG.

**O** H ! the Birks o' Inchdowrie are bonny,  
And the Braes o' Craigruth, they are braw ;  
They're blithsome in sunshine and simmer,  
They're lightsome in winter and snaw.  
Oh ! there, when I was a wee laddie,  
That hardly could toddle my lane,  
I lived wi' my minnie and daddy,  
And the bittock o' ground was their ain.  
In the wee biggin doon by the water  
My bairnhood gaed by like the linn,  
There I played wi' the miller's ae daughter—  
The lass wi' the bonny black e'en.

Oh ! the Birks o' Inchdowrie are bonny,  
And the Braes o' Craigruth, they are braw ;  
They're sweetest when silvered wi' gowans,  
They're brightest when Autumn winds blaw.

There we danced and we sported thegither,  
We learned from ae buke at the school,  
We herded the yowes i' the heather,  
And we slid on the ice on the pool.  
In the wee biggin' doon by the water  
My bairnhood gaed by like the linn,  
There I laughed wi' the miller's ae daughter—  
The lass wi' the bonny black e'en.

Oh! the Birks o' Inchdowrie are bonny,  
The Braes o' Craigruth, they are braw ;  
They're fine by the seggs in the river,  
And they're blythe where the blaeberries blaw.  
Where bees suck the bells o' the heather,  
And bluarts bloom sweet 'mang the thyme,  
For her the craw croops I would gather,  
And the red-berried rowan tree climb.  
In the wee biggin' doon by the water,  
My youth-time gaed by like the linn,  
And I lo'ed weel the miller's ae dochter—  
The lass wi' the bonny black e'en.

Oh! the Birks o' Inchdowrie are bonny,  
And the Braes o' Craigruth, they are braw ;  
Fu' sweet are the knowes o' red clover,  
And the banks where the primroses blaw.  
She tossed her blue tapknot sae saucy  
When I ca'd her my ain dauted Jean,  
Oh! but she was a winsome wee lassie,  
And she was a canty bit quean.  
In the wee biggin' doon by the water,  
Fu' weel could she weave, knit, and spin ;  
For weel lear'd was the miller's ae dochter—  
The lass wi' the bonny black e'en.

Oh ! the birks o' Inchdowrie are bonny,  
 And the Braes o' Craigruth they are brow,  
 When laverocks lilt sweet in the dawning,  
 And gloaming lies saft on the shaw.  
 My faither's wee pickle o' siller,  
 And a' that he had was my ain ;  
 A couthie auld carle was the miller,  
 And kent hoo to haue and to hain.  
 Frae her daddy and minnie I socht her,  
 For I tauld them her bread I could win ;  
 And I married the miller's ae dochter—  
 The lass wi' the bonny black e'en.

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THE FIRST O' MAY.

A SONG.

 H ! the morn, it is the first of May, and I maun wash my face,  
 In the burnie by the rowan tree, whar' first I trysted Grace,  
 Amang the gowans wat wi' dew she'll wash her face sae sweet,  
 And I'll meet her in the morning whar' the wild flowers meet.

Oh ! it's early that I gang to rest, and early that I rise,  
 To see the first white glint o' day, when stars are in the skies,  
 To bid gude mornin' to the sun when laverocks sing sae sweet,  
 And to meet my bonnie lassie whar' the wild flowers meet.

I mind the kye, I steer the pleugh, I delve the laird's kailyard,  
 And, rigged out in my Sabbath claes, I am no that ill-faured  
 But that a winsome lassocky on me might blink fu' sweet,  
 When I meet her in the morning whar' the wild flowers meet.

Oh ! I've laughed wi' mony a canty quean when simmer days were  
lang,

But ne'er a dautie o' them a' e'er gied my heart a stang,  
Until I met my bonny jo, ae simmer gloaming sweet ;  
And I'll meet her in the morning whar' the wild flowers meet.

It's fine to breathe the caller air, to hear the blackbird's sang,  
To pu' the red, red rose o' May the siller saughs amang,  
To hear ilk wee bit lammie's ca', the river's lilt sae sweet,  
And to meet her in the morning whar' the wild flowers meet.

Sweet April showers amang the bowers hae gar'd the grass look  
green,

I heard the cuckoo's cheery note amang the birks yestreen ;  
The mavis, merle, and cushie doo will bid gude morrow sweet,  
When I meet her in the morning whar' the wild flowers meet.

We hae nae wealth but love and health, our hearts are light as air ;  
We live fu' blithe frae day to day—we hae nae mickle care ;  
She kens my heart is leal to her, on me she smiles fu' sweet,  
And I'll meet her in the morning whar' the wild flowers meet.

## LADY ELSPAT AND SIR EDWY.

 H the Lady Elspat lived in a high, high tower :  
She hadna mickle gear, but she had a wee bit dower ;  
She wasna very young, and she wasna very auld ;  
Her heart, it wasna very warm, nor was it very cauld.  
She had a bonny face, and she had twa saft blue e'en,  
She lilted like a mavis, and she steppit like a queen.  
Sir Edwy won'd ayont her hame, all in a bower sae shady :  
Oh, faint heart never yet won fair lady !

Lady Elspat lookèd doon frae her high, high hill,  
And Sir Edwy lookèd up frae his laigh window sill :  
Oh, sweetly did the lady smile, and never did she frôwn,  
And aye Sir Edwy lookèd up, and aye she lookèd down ;  
And aye the birdies lilted sweet in wood, and dale, and bower—  
Come ye doon, my Lady Elspat, frae your high, high tower ;  
Gang up, gang up, Sir Edwy, frae your bower sae low and shady.  
Oh, faint heart never yet won fair lady !

Oh, the Lady Elspat walkèd out ahint her garden screen,  
And she lilted like a lintie, and she steppit like a queen.  
And first she gathered roses red, and syne she gathered white,  
And she cuist them o'er the castle wa' when the sun was shining  
bright ;  
She pu'd the lilies siller white aneath the siller moon,  
And cuist them o'er the garden wa', all in the month of June.  
They fell at guid Sir Edwy's feet, all in his bower sae shady.  
Oh, faint heart never yet won fair lady !

Lady Elspat rode a milk-white steed around her castle wa',  
And she didna lat her sighs be heard, nor lat her tears doon fa' ;  
But she sang as tho' her heart was light, and gied a sweet low  
laugh,  
And frae her gowden cup, red wine her red red lips did quaff.  
Syne round her ringdove's neck sae white she tied a ribbon blue,  
And to Sir Edwy's green, green wood she sent the cushie doo.  
To big its nest and coo sae sweet all in his bower sae shady.  
Oh, faint heart never yet won fair lady !

And ay Sir Edwy sighed and looked, and ay he looked and sighed.  
But never could he courage take to seek her for his bride ;  
And ay until himsel' he spak', and aye he made his mane—  
She's caulder nor a frozen tarn, she's hard as granite stane ;

Owre mickle thinks she o' her worth, and o' her high degree :  
 Oh, I hae thanes of great renown amang my pedigree.  
 She'll ne'er come down frae her high hill into my bower sae shady !  
 Oh, faint heart never yet won fair lady !

Oh, there came a knight so bright and brave all from Hibernia's  
 land,  
 He climbed the bulwarks, scaled the crags, and kissed the lady's  
 hand.  
 Oh, ne'er did Lady Elspat smile, and mickle did she frown,  
 But he garr'd her sweet, sweet smiles return, and smoothed her  
 anger down.  
 He watched her chamber door by night, he guarded her by day ;  
 Sae winsome were his looks and words, she couldna say him Nay.  
 She left Sir Edwy to his glooms within his bower sae shady.  
 Oh, faint heart never—never yet won fair lady !

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BY SWEET DUNBLANE.

AMANG the fields, amang the flowers,  
 I love to think of gentle Jane,  
 Of all the joyful sunny hours  
 I've spent with her by sweet Dunblane.

I was a ruddy, sunburnt lad,  
 A rosy, blue-eyed lass was she ;  
 Puir were my minny and my dad,  
 But she was come o' high degree.

We learnt our tasks aneath the trees,  
 We lilted like the birds in May ;  
 We danced amang the humming bees,  
 We frisked amang the new-mown hay.

Fu' gleesome was ilk budding spring,  
Hoo, lightsome was the winter snow,  
When she was queen and I was king,  
In those blythe days of long ago.

We parted—I to win my bread  
Where smoky chimneys dim the air,  
To lead the life my fathers led,  
Through dreary days o' grinding care :

In the dull city's sunless gloom  
To fag, to struggle, and to strive,  
To keep within a living tomb  
The fondest hope of youth alive.

She, the sweet rosebud of my heart,  
Bloomed bright in cultivated soil  
In a fair garden, far apart,  
Unconscious of my grief and toil.

Unfolding to a lovely rose,  
A fair award for higher hand,  
Where Allan water warbling flows,  
She came—a lady in the land.

I langed to see the bonny face  
I lo'ed sae weel in times of old,  
The genty air, the winsome grace,  
The glancing locks o' rippling gold.

Wi' mickle care and mickle skill,  
Aye thinking on my darling Jane,  
I wan the summit o' the hill,  
And I returned to sweet Dunblane.

In a green glen, whan mony a stook  
Was shinin' ripe wi' gowden grain,  
Whar rins a burn wi' mony a crook,  
I met my lady a' her lane.

Her voice was saft, and sweet her smile,  
Time hadna taught her to forget ;  
Wi' winsome word and winning wile,  
She was my ain dear lassie yet.

Oh ! what a heart was hers to win !  
As fond and faithful as the dove ;  
Amang the braes o' broom and whin  
We tauld the auld, auld tale of love.

We wedded—and our lives were blest—  
Twa bonny babes to us were lent ;  
My anxious heart is noo at rest,  
Our days are crowned wi' sweet content.

My heart has found its kindred heart,  
And all that's best aneath the sun ;  
So two clear streams once flowed apart,  
And now united roll in one.

Amang the fields, amang the flowers,  
I wander with my gentle Jane,  
And joyful spend the sunny hours  
With her I love, by sweet Dunblane.



## THE EARLY DAWN.

“ Auf der Gegenwart umrauschten Wogen  
 Graut ein Morgen, schon, wie Opfergluth,  
 Tausend hohe Traumgestalten Zogen,  
 Stolz wie Schwane, durch die rothe Fluth.”

THE beautiful face of the early dawn,  
 Looks in at my casement on me,  
 When the bounding steps of the timid fawn,  
 Dispersing the tears of the dewy lawn,  
 Awaken the slumbering bee.

With a silver key she unlocks the east,  
 And steals from the night away,  
 While the waning stars, as they watch her flight,  
 Are lost in the beams of her mystic light,  
 And her mantle of pearly gray.

Her cheek is white as the opening rose,  
 Whose petals no colour wear ;  
 And daylight's fairest and freshest bloom,  
 Its purest radiance and best perfume,  
 Her glittering pinions bear.

Like pleasure and woe she doth come and go,  
 And a holy stillness brings ;  
 She fills the soul with a solemn awe,  
 And bids each thought from the world withdraw,  
 To rest on the King of kings.

Oh ! black as the gloom of the fathomless tomb  
 Are the dreary shades of night ;

But she comes with a soft and magic charm,  
 Our bosoms to cheer and our fears to disarm,  
 And she tells of the land of light.

From the heavens come down with thy gleaming crown,  
 To waken my sleeping eyes ;  
 Like a beautiful vision that will not stay,  
 When the sun's bright beams bring the golden day,  
 Return to thy native skies !

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### THE SKY LARK.

THOU art feverish with pleasure, fond Lark,  
 Thou art wild and delirious with glee ;  
 Thou hast jubilant songs for the winds and the skies,  
 Thou hast love for thy mate in the verdure that lies.

There she listens and chirrups to thee,  
 And her little heart throbs with delight,  
 While the gossamer spreads its white veil o'er her nest,  
 And the dew of the morning lies chill on her breast.

There the daisies bloom sweetly beside her,  
 And tufts of the gold-budded whin,  
 And her lullaby soft is thy lilt flowing free—  
 Is the lay of the leaves, and the hum of the bee.

Tirralee, Tirrala, Tirralee,  
 Quiver up, bonny bird, quiver down,  
 To the blaze of the sun, to the clouds as they pass,  
 To thy food in the mould, to thy mate in the grass.

Thy life is one outburst of pleasure,  
One transport of musical joy—  
An idyll of beauty untarnished by art,  
A rapture of love that speaks home to the heart.

By the sea on the green spreading downs,  
O'er the fallows and furrows rejoice ;  
With thy tremulous wings cut the rainbow in two,  
And be lost in the purple, the gold, and the blue.

Exulting ascend to the azure,  
Rejoicing descend to the green,  
Where the air from the moorland blows balmy and sweet,  
Where the harebells and pansies and buttercups meet.

When the primroses open their eyelids,  
When daffodils drink up the rain,  
Thy bugle sounds sweet in the grey of the dawn,  
To tell us that winter is over and gone.

As free as the winds that surround thee,  
In shadow, and sunshine, and shower,  
Cheer thy mate all the day, Sky Lark, tender and true,  
And sleep sweet all the night near thy nest in the dew.

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## THE SAILOR BOY.

CLLOUD laughed the sailor boy at morn,  
As he wielded the dashing oar ;  
The land and its cheerless joys I scorn,  
But I love the ocean's roar.

As the sea-weed drifted to the strand,  
So the mariner to the main ;  
And I must drift from the yellow sand  
To my billowy home again.

A Clipper rocks at the mouth of the Tay,  
With a stout-hearted crew on board ;  
The skipper looks for me at noon to-day ;  
I have never broken my word.

Though the wind be high, and the waves be rough ;  
Though the ships at anchor ride  
O'er the rolling ridge ; through the trembling trough ;  
In the teeth of the tumbling tide.

I'll steer my boat over sunken rocks,  
Where the current is fierce and strong ;  
Where the cod-fish hides, where in hungry flocks  
The gannet and kittiwake throng.

I would rather lie in the salt sea bed,  
Where the mussels and limpets cling,  
Than in a dark grave with a stone at my head,  
Where the primroses blow in spring.

My heart is as bold as a Lapland seal,  
As fixed as the Polar Star ;  
And my boatie as light as an empty creel,  
Will float o'er the harbour bar.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the sounding sea,  
Farewell to the quiet shore ;  
A mariner's life is the life for me :  
And away through the foam he tore.

Away and away from the rocky ledge,  
Where nestles the grey seamew ;  
Away and away o'er the dim sea edge,  
He passed from the fisherman's view.

From the Nor.Nor.East blew a gusty squall,  
As he shot through the boiling brine,  
Where the netted fish in their boats they haul  
He hath passed ; o'er the deep sea line.

Forked lightning flashed through the leaden mist,  
Black billows boomed fathoms high ;  
Through seething surges the wild wind hissed,  
'Neath the frown of an angry sky.

The curlew screamed to the shrieking gale  
In the purple and fog-bound east ;  
The reefs were white with the dancing hail,  
As he drave through the frothing yeast.

From the Grampian hills rushed the blinding snow ;  
Where the blast and the billows meet ;  
And the heavens above and the earth below  
Were wrapped in one winding sheet.

Ochon ! for his mother's pride and boast,  
He will cheer her lone hearth no more,  
Nor tell her wild tales of the Greenland coast,  
And of stormy Labrador.

The winds will follow the flying rack,  
They will scatter the sparkling spray ;  
And the keel of the Clipper will leave a track  
Like a ribbon of silver grey.

But the blue of his eyes, and the rose of his cheeks,  
 And the gloss of his flaxen curls,  
 Shall be never more seen in our sandy creeks,  
 When the Clipper her flag unfurls.

Loud laughed the sailor boy at morn,  
 As he wielded the dashing oar ;  
 At night, by the murmuring billows borné,  
 He was laid on the quiet shore.

### THE THRUSH OR THROSTLE.

**T**IRREE, wee chee chee, 'tis the throistle's note,  
 Chiouity, chiouity, too, too ;  
 In the caller air of the evening sweet  
 He delighteth to come forth from his green retreat ;  
 And when all is still on the dale and on the hill  
 He sweetly trills his fond adieu—  
 Tirree, wee chee chee, tirree, wee chee chee,  
 Chiouity, chiouity, too, too.

Tirree, wee chee chee, when the leaves are wet  
 With the glittering showers of rain,  
 He flutters through the bushes as blithe as any king,  
 And brushes off the dew-drops with his speckled tawny wing—  
 With his shining bill he doth sip and sip his fill,  
 And sings his tirree, wee, too, too.

*Chorus*—Tirree, wee chee chee, 'tis the throistle's note,  
 Chiouity, chiouity, too, too ;  
 In the cold dewy air of the evening sweet  
 He delighteth to come forth from his green retreat,  
 And sweetly trills his fond adieu.

## BLACKBIRD.

MERRILY pipe in the evening still,  
Blackbird !  
With purple plumage and orange bill,  
Blackbird !  
Sip the cool dew with thy russet mate,  
Blackbird !  
Then into the thicket ere it be late,  
Blackbird !  
Never at rest since the break of day,  
Blackbird !  
Eating and drinking and playing alway,  
Blackbird !  
I have seen thy nest in the laurel bush,  
Blackbird !  
Near the home of thy crony, the missel thrush,  
Blackbird !  
Where eggs as blue as the summer sky,  
Blackbird !  
So snug in their mossy cradle lie,  
Blackbird !  
Oh ! sweetly whistle while gloaming falls,  
Blackbird !  
While the chaffinch chirps and the mavis calls,  
Blackbird !  
With the gowdspink, yeldron, and lintie sing,  
Of the delicate freshness of early spring,  
Then sleep sound with thy head 'neath thy glossy wing,  
Blackbird !



## THE DOOM OF MAN.

REAT GOD, omnipotent, with awe I think  
 How near I ever stand upon the brink  
     I cannot see,  
     Of the dread grave,  
     From which nought can me save,  
     Prepared for me  
     From all eternity.

On the earth I have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
 It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

Often when a new-born infant's eyes begin  
 To open on a world of grief and sin,  
     It knoweth not,  
     The faint-drawn breath  
     Is snatched away by death.  
     I mourn its lot  
     To be so soon forgot.

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
 It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

I've watched, from Infancy to Childhood's hour,  
 The bud unfolding slowly to the flower.  
     In bright array,  
     The blossom's bloom  
     Oft withers in the tomb.  
     With tears I say,  
     Thus beauty must decay.

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
 It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

To buoyant youth, with all its beaming train,  
 The fairest hopes are often given in vain.

Dried is the well,  
 They silent pass  
 To death, beneath the grass.  
 The muffled bell  
 This solemn truth doth tell.

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
 It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

Vain glorious Man rides rampant 'mid the dead ;  
 The sword of Fate suspended o'er his head,  
 He goes to sleep.  
 The mighty fall  
 Like oxen in the stall.  
 God slays His sheep,  
 Sadly the mourners weep.

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
 It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

Unto the hoary head and bending knee  
 Man totters down to second Infancy.  
 Music doth cease,  
 Labour his dole,  
 His years have reached their goal ;  
 Fears do increase,  
 The pains of death bring peace.

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
 It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

Let us be up and doing, buy and sell,  
 Dig, plant, sow, reap, and ring the marriage bell ;  
 Be mild and just,  
 Give, and forgive ;  
 Oh ! let us nobly live,  
 Fulfil our trust  
 Ere we return to dust.

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

Let us do good to all men while we may,  
And, by our lamp's soft splendour, watch and pray ;  
Our faults amend.  
Night is far spent,  
Day dawns, let us repent,  
Look to the end,  
And make our God our friend.

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

Carefulness overmuch doth naught avail ;  
Grasp not the world too tight—thy grasp will fail,  
Heart, hard and cold !  
Thy goods will rust,  
Will moth, and turn to dust.  
Laid in the mould,  
What wilt thou do with gold ?

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

Thou hypocrite ! grow fat and be at ease,  
God shall uncover thine iniquities.  
A leafless tree,  
Torn by the blast,  
Uprooted, on the ocean cast :  
So shalt thou be,  
Thy life one misery !

On the earth there is no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

While, as the thralls of time, our spirits bide,  
Strive we to live as lived the Crucified—

Zealous and wise,  
 With flag unfurled,  
 Unspotted from the world ;  
 In lowly guise,  
 Walking to Paradise !

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
 It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

The way that conscience guides, our feet must take,  
 Nor slip aside, albeit our hearts may break.

God's love is great,  
 Our conflict hard,  
 Eternal our reward,  
 At Heaven's gate  
 For us Archangels wait.

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
 It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

And while we stumble on our pilgrim path,  
 The Son of God will bear the Father's wrath ;  
 The sinless One  
 Will bear the blame—  
 For us who suffered shame,  
 Our race hath run,  
 For us the palm hath won.

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
 It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

Great God, omnipotent ! with awe I think  
 How near I stand upon the grave's dark brink  
 I cannot see.  
 Hallow my mind,  
 Let me thy Presence find,

So, when life's shadows flee,  
All shall be light in Thee.

On the earth we have no continuing city, no abiding lodgment :  
It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that—the Judgment !

### THE OLD SCOTTISH GARDENER.

**W**HA tirls at the yett? Eh, step in, gin ye will ;  
Sir, ye're welcome to look at the spot ;

Though I say it that sudna, it thrives no that ill.

An' I'm a' the bit gardener it's got.

At the neist market toon I sell maist that I raise—

I hae aye keepit want frae my hearth,

A' my produce is gude, but I'll no mak a fraise,

And the soil's fine—yon's capital earth !

Ye're my first fit the day, sit ye doon for a wee,

While thae taties I pit in a sack ;—

They're prime, ilk ane mealy and dry as a pea ;

You and I, Sir, maun hae a wee crack.

I'm a thinker, you see, Sir, and while turning the ground

Owre and owre wi' my mattock and spade,

I cogitate deeply wi' reasonings profound,

On this substance o' whilk we're a' made.

What the earth is made o' I can very weel guess,

As I dig it, and sift it, and drain ;

But what mak's it productive, I'm free to confess,

Is a problem owre hard for my brain.

Whate'er be the cause, it's a singular stuff,

Queer, like parritch of water and stanes,

Chalk, iron, and charcoal, I ken weel enough,

That it forms baith my body an' banes.

Sae I reverence and honour this life-giving source,  
• I behold it rewarding my toil,  
And I hear my progression in Time's daily course,  
In the homily preached by the soil.  
'Tis my father, my mother, my daughter, my son,  
From it comes the food that sustains,  
The water I drink in fleet rivers doth run  
Through my system like nourishing veins.  
Keep's ! it's awesome to feel that wherever I tread,  
Frail mortality moulders away ;  
That vitality springs frae the grave o' the dead,  
That in life are the germs o' decay ;  
That in eating an apple sae juicy and red,  
An antediluvian I chew ;  
That the dust o' my forefaithers furnishes bread,  
And the sma' beer and yill that I brew ;  
That thae costly carnations sae winsome and sweet,  
To shame and contempt may arise,  
And this clod o' the valley I spurn wi' my feet,  
A beatified saint in the skies !  
Of the earth we are earthy—ay, Jeanie, my doo,  
Made o' the earth is thy wee bleating pet ;  
Milk needs maun be o' earth, sin' o' earth is the koo—  
Mine has nae taen the rinderpest yet !  
Ay ! the laird o' the barony, vauntie and grand,  
Wi' my leddy sae buskit and gay,  
The morn may baith form but a pairt o' the land  
That they walk on sae proodly the day.  
Thae bonny bit lassocks, as I ca' my floors,  
Sae genty, sae lo'esome, sae braw,  
Rejoicing in sunshine, unfaulding in shoors,  
Here the day ; an' the morn they're awa !  
Like this bouroch o' garden stuff weeds that I burn  
On the melon and cucumber bed,

This framework of mine unto dust will return  
    Ance the quickening spirit has fled.  
The mystical tenant that lodges within  
    Oor wonderful building of clay,  
Still groaneth and trav'lleth in bondage to sin,  
    Till God gies it freedom for aye.  
The soul whilk believes gains a glorified home  
    Where naething can wither or rust ;  
The offshoots o' Adam inherit his doom,  
    But the Saviour has ransomed the just.  
I' the gairden o' Eden puir Adam and Eve  
    Might hae sojourned for a' that I see,  
Had the De'il wi' his wiles no' crept in to deceive  
    Oor first mither, an' tauld her a lee.  
Frae yon perfite abode o' humanity's race,  
    Whar they communed ilk day wi' the Lord,  
The cherubim drave them in shame and disgrace,  
    Wi' a curse and a death-flaming sword.  
Noo ilk trace o' its beauty and verdure is gone,  
    Save the dead leaves o' sin and decay ;  
But watered by four famous rivers, 'tis known  
    Whereabouts its locality lay.  
We may eat o' the fruit o' life's far-spreading tree,  
    Of its water we freely may drink ;  
In the black linn o' death we may struggle a wee,  
    We sall never be suffered to sink.  
Deed ay, Sir ! oor prospects are better the noo,  
    Withdrawn is the fierce-flaming sword ;  
We've a far finer garden than Eden in view,  
    Gin we trust in oor crucified Lord.  
Ay, ay ! Yon's the manse by the elms on the brae,  
    The steadin', the glebe, an' kailyard,  
By the bonny green haugh where they're makin' the hay,  
    That's the seat o' his honour, the Laird ;

Oh, the hollies bloom bright on his grandfather's grave,  
On his father's the laurel and yew ;  
On his mither's twa siller sauchs bonnily wave  
Whare the gowans are glitterin' wi' dew.  
For the love that I bore them, the gude they hae done  
To my forbears and mony beside,  
While I hear the birds lilt and the blythe burnies run  
I sall busk them wi' pleasure and pride.  
The family ca'd ance a' this parish their ain,  
As the corbie flies straught to the sea.  
I'm acquaint wi' the marches, ilk bourock and stane,  
Mountain, moorland, loch, braeside, and lea.  
The minister's kent me this mony a year,  
My benison be on his name,  
He aft-times steps doon for oor welfare to speir,  
And he mak's himsel' freely at hame.  
My gudewife's no' sae young as she was, and ye see  
The rheumatics are makin' her frail,  
She masks for his reverence a drappie o' tea,  
While I'm suppin' my caup-fu' o' kale.  
Oorra whiles at the papers I glower through my specs,  
For my e'en are the waur o' the wear ;  
Hoo the Tories and Whigs ane anither perplex  
Would gar even a douce body swear.  
Gif the Queen were to wale me her Premier the noo,  
There wad be a stramash, by my troth ;  
But a baker can no' be expected to brew,  
And owre mony cooks spoil the broth.  
And as far as I read, or can fathom, or see,  
Auld Scotland's fu' canty and fain—  
The farmers, warld owre, aye will grumble a wee—  
At God's weather we maunna complain.  
I've my bite and my sup, and my health and my claise,  
I whistle and sing at my wark ;

In the sweat o' my face I hae wrought a' my days,  
 And I'se warrant I'm blithe as a lark.  
 To Victoria—God bless her—I'm loving and leal,  
 I'm true to the kirk and the faith ;  
 To my friends and my kintra I'm stivel as steel,  
 And my word is as good as my aith.  
 John MacQuibbon's my name, Sir, and time oot o' mind,  
 We hae dwalt here frae faither to son ;  
 We hae ay paid oor rents, baith in siller an' kind—  
 A MacQuibbon will hummle to none.  
 The Mac designates us o' Hieland descent—  
 Patronymic derived frae the Gael—  
 Quibbon signifies jester or jest, weel bekent,  
 But ye'll ken thae things better yersel.  
 Sae ye're gaun tae the Indies, whar cocoa-nits grow,  
 Whar there's leopards and lions and snakes,  
 Whar the kintraside never is whitened by snow,  
 And whar Juggernaut crushes the blacks.  
 I' the lang winter nights I hae read by the fire  
 O' the idols and temples and rice ;  
 Hoo that widdys o' Hindoos were burnt on a pyre,  
 Hoo the bawbees are buckies and pice.  
 I' the heat o' the sun, it's owre like that ye'll shoot—  
 Young folk will be headstrong, I trow,—  
 Whar elephants tear up hale trees by the root,  
 Whar the jungles are set in a lowe.  
 I'm weel read, you see, in the ways o' the East,  
 In their customs and manners and mense ;  
 An ignorant crater is waur nor a beast,  
 Whase ae thocht is the grabbin' o' pence.  
 Step ben the hoose, Sir ; pree oor kebbuck and cake ;  
 Hoot awa ! are ye nae for a dram ?  
 Will ye hae some preserves on a weel buttered bake ?  
 Oor berries are famous for jam.

Just bide ye a blink till I cut ye a floo'er,  
Mignonette, southernwood, lemon thyme,  
York and Lancaster roses, whilk bloom by my door,  
An' a sweet scented sprig frae the lime ;  
Sweet-William, clovepinks, peppermint, columbine,  
Fennel, lavender, larkspur sae blue,  
Tiger-lilies, nasturtium, wallflower, jessamine,  
Poppies, marigolds, pansies, and rue ;  
Geranium, heart's ease, love-lies-bleeding, bluebell,  
Ye roose them far mair than they're worth ;  
Is't na' strange to reflec' hoo their colour and smell  
War concocted aneath the brown earth ?  
The mind is a garden which aft runs to waste,  
Gif no tended and tutored wi' care ;  
The rank weeds o' evil thrive thickest and best,  
And smother the sweet and the fair.  
The heart is a desert richt stony and dry,  
Whar the suckers o' bitterness spring ;  
But planted and watered by grace from on high,  
'Tis a pleasure-ground meet for a king.  
I worship my Maker wi' fervour sincere,  
His commandments I fain would obey ;  
And His voice in my garden I aftentimes hear  
As I walk in the cool of the day.  
Yon skeps, newly swarmed, Sir, the bees sune will fill  
Wi' their honey sae gowden and bright ;  
In autumn I set them ayont on the hill,  
Whar the heather's a perfite delight.  
On my wee cot clematis and jessamine twine,  
Whaur butterflies hover and sleep ;  
In my simmer-seat sun-blinks through wickerwork shine,  
Ere the shadows fa' lengthened and deep ;  
There I sit and I think, like the smoke o' my pipe  
Hoo my minutes and hours disappear ;

And hoo sma' is the odds atween rotten and ripe  
In the fruits o' the perishing year.  
In Nature's grand Kirk, wi' the blue lift o'erhead,  
Hoo sweet soond her psalms in mine ear ;  
Her counsels I cherish, her warnings I dread,  
She learnt me to love and to fear.  
I'm as happy, kind Sir, as the warld gies me leave,  
I enjoy ilka blessing that's lent ;  
Sair times I hae dreed, but it's feckless to grieve  
Owre misfortunes we canna prevent.  
O' the ills o' this life we maun a' hae oor share,  
Oor sun maun at whiles be c'ercast ;  
We'll hae cause to rejoice gif oor weather be fair,  
And oor firmament clear at the last.  
My bairns get their lair at the schoolhouse outhy,  
They hae maist o' the Gospels by heart ;  
In simmer they're herdin' the sheep and the kye—  
But ye're gaun, Sir !—Aweel, freends maun pairt.  
Hae a pinch o' my sneeshin' afore that ye gang,  
Taddy's mixture is aye what I tak' ;  
The twa hours ye've been here seem but twa minutes lang,  
And I doot ye've been deaved wi' my clack.  
I am noo saxty-five, gif to three score and ten  
I sall hirple, God only doth know ;  
To the earth whilk I delve I sall crumble, what then ?  
He is good that hath ordered it so.  
We maun fa' like the leaves, like the stanes we maun wear—  
Maun be gathered like fruit in a creel ;  
Fare ye weel—gif on earth we forgather nae mair,  
May we meet in "the Land o' the Leal."



## LANGSYNE.

## A SONG.

TIME steals our dearest joys awa',  
 As westland breezes melt the snaw—  
 Langsyne, langsyne.

On yon green braes 'mang gowans fine,  
 Whaur blackcock brood, whaur muircock craw,  
 Whaur winds frae Grampian mountains blaw,  
 Whaur harebells paint the grass wi' blue,  
 When love was young, and life was new ;  
 Whaur gowden blossoms o' the whin  
 Fa' i' the deep resounding linn—  
 My childhood vanished like a dream  
 While listening to the brawling stream.

In yon green glens whaur thrushes sing,  
 Whaur linties welcome in the spring,  
 Rejoicing when fresh April showers  
 Bring sweetness to the birken bowers ;  
 In those free days of bloom and health,  
 All Nature's treasures were my wealth ;  
 Whaur pine trees high their bonnets toss,  
 And hoary crags are crowned wi' moss,  
 Whaur cowslips kiss the daffodils,  
 And roses redden by the rills—  
 My childhood vanished like a dream,  
 While listening to the brawling stream.

Whaur tasselled broom o'erhangs the cairn,  
 And honeysuckle gilds the fern,  
 Whaur ivy climbs the granite walls,  
 And willows woo the waterfalls,

Whaur hoary mists and weeping clouds  
Wrap the blue hills in silver shrouds,  
Whaur caller wells, 'mang mosses red,  
Rise bubbling frae their fountainhead ;  
Whaur o'er the tarn the eagle swings,  
And corbies plume their purple wings,  
My childhood vanished like a dream,  
While listening to the brawling stream.

Whaur larch trees wave their tufted boughs,  
And dun deer 'mang the bracken browse ;  
Whaur plovers lay their sea-green eggs,  
And curlews wail amang the seggs ;  
Whaur gleds and gosshawks breast the gale,  
And laverocks nestle in the fail ;  
Whaur in the corries, dank and dern,  
The snaw lies lang aside the Ern ;  
Where doon the rocks the burnies rin,  
And rise in reek frae linn to linn—  
My childhood vanished like a dream,  
While listening to the brawling stream.

Whaur blackcock brood, whaur heathcock craw,  
Whaur winds frae Grampian mountains blaw,  
Time stole my dearest joys awa',  
As westlan' breezes melt the snaw—  
Langsyne, langsyne,  
On yon green braes, 'mang gowans fine,  
Whaur hearts for me wi' love beat strang,  
And hope was like the blackbird's sang ;  
Whaur purple thyme perfumes the dells,  
And honey bees suck heather bells —  
My childhood vanished like a dream,  
While listening to the brawling stream.

## THE BLACK DOG,

A SANDBANK AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER DON, ON THE COAST OF  
ABERDEENSHIRE.

When the sea dashes against it, the sound is like a dog growling, and heard at a great distance.

“Hark ! hark ! amid the storm and rain,  
That piteous sound—it comes again.”

THE Don glides to the sea,  
With ceaseless noiseless flow,  
To mountain, vale, and tree,  
Will he return ? Ah no !  
A free-born ranger he  
Upon his path doth roam,  
And like the roving Dee,  
He leaves his Highland home.  
Heard'st thou the black dog bark,  
Where the Don and ocean meet,  
When the air was still and dark,  
And at rest were human feet ?  
Heard'st thou his murmurs hoarse  
Come from the distant strand,  
Like the mutterings of remorse,  
From his bank of yellow sand ?  
The hollow threatening growl  
Of a dog upon the chain,  
Mixed with the dreary howl  
Of winds that swept the main.  
Ah ! many an ear shall dread,  
And many a heart shall bound,  
And many a tear be shed  
At that foreboding sound ?

For if the black dog's whine  
 Salutes the shrouded moon ;  
 Down—down beneath the brine,  
 A ship descendeth soon.  
 And if he snarls at morn,  
 No skiff can safely ride—  
 Dismasted and forlorn,  
 She'll drift at evening tide.  
 By Ancient Aberdeen,  
 On Scotland's eastern shore,  
 The Black Dog's shifting screen,  
 Shall bide for evermore.

---

## THE DON.

"When Dee and Don shall run in one,  
 And Tweed shall run in Tay ;  
 The bonnie water o' Ury  
 Shall bear the Bass away."

**F**AR from his native hills, the Don,  
 With dark and turbid wave,  
 Seeks the wild Northern Ocean ; there  
 He softly sinks in mute despair,  
 There finds a watery grave.  
 The rolling billows of the deep  
 Enfold him in his last long sleep ;  
 Spread their cold arms above his breast,  
 And soothe him in his final rest.

Remote his rocky cradle lies,  
 Half hid by moss and fern ;  
 His infant steps delight to rove  
 Through many a pasture, many a grove,

By many a trickling burn  
His eyes behold Heaven's vault of blue,  
Reflecting its celestial hue,  
As on he hurries night and day,  
Past shady glen and mountain gray.

Soft rippling as he glides along  
To music of the breeze,  
In silvery accents, many a name  
By Celtic bards attuned to fame.

And through embowering trees  
Fancy beholds the broad claymore,  
The field of battle drenched with gore ;  
Where chiefs and nobles bravely fell,  
To gain the cause they loved so well.

Of red Harlaw his waters chant,  
And darker grows their hue,  
When of that bloody fight they tell—  
Of those who in the conflict fell,

The valiant, wise, and true.  
Of many a flower of chivalry,  
Brave Irvine from the banks of Dee,  
Of Fraser, Gordon, Keith, and Hay,  
Who perished in that fatal fray.  
Alas ! they cry, there, too, was slain

The gude Lord Ogilvy,  
Of Angus Sheriff Principal ;  
'Twas sad the most beloved should fall

Of the nobility,  
With other chiefs of high descent,  
Their country's pride and ornament,  
This tale the weeping Don reveals,  
Then slowly to the ocean steals.

Nor pauses he to bid farewell  
 To the fair land he leaves,  
 But speeds along his destined course  
 Without a signal of remorse,  
 To show the world he grieves.  
 The green waves bound his steps to meet,  
 And cast their treasures at his feet ;  
 The Black Dog's bark, the billow's swell,  
 United, toll his passing bell.

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## THE NEW YEAR.

## A SONG.

SHAKE hands and kiss beside the fire,  
 And sip the purple wine :  
 May each one have his heart's desire,  
 And oh ! may I have mine,  
 With silver harp and golden lyre,  
 And gleesome voices join the quire—  
 A son is born to heir the sire.  
 With merry jest and gladsome din  
 Bow we the old year out—dance we the New Year in.

The New Year brings to cheer each hearth  
 New hope, new love, new joy—  
 To fill our hearts and homes with mirth—  
 He is a jocund boy.  
 Let silver lute and golden lyre  
 And gleesome voices swell the quire—  
 A son is born to heir the sire.  
 With merry shout and gladsome din  
 Bow we the old year old—dance we the New Year in.

The old year had smoked out his pipe  
And drained his goblet dry—  
His shock of corn was fully ripe—  
It was his time to die.  
With silver harp and golden lyre  
And gleesome voices join the quire—  
A son is born to heir the sire.  
With merry shout and gladsome din  
Bow we the old year out—dance we the New Year in.

He burdened us with many a care—  
Let him gainsay who can ;  
And we may hope his son and heir  
Will be a better man.  
With silver harp and golden lyre  
And gleesome voices join the quire—  
A son is born to heir the sire.  
With merry shout and gladsome din  
Bow we the old year out—dance we the New Year in.

He gave us each some pleasant things,  
Some buds and blossoms bright ;  
And, leaning on Time's viewless wings,  
He breathes his last to-night.  
Let silver lute and golden lyre  
And gleesome voices swell the quire—  
A son is born to heir the sire.  
With merry jest and gladsome din  
Bow we the old year out—dance we the New Year in.

He lieth low in drifting snow—  
Winds chant his requiem—  
O'er him pale Christmas roses blow—  
No more we'll see him.

Let silver lute and golden lyre  
And gleesome voices swell the quire—  
A son is born to heir the sire.  
With merry shout and gladsome din  
Bow we the old year out—dance we the New Year in.

Oh! blithe young heir, be true, be sage,  
Renowned for wit and lore,  
Thou'lt live to reach thy father's age,  
And not a moiment more.

With silver harp and golden lyre  
And gleesome voices join the quire—  
A son is born to heir the sire.  
With merry jest and gladsome din  
Bow we the old year out—dance we the New Year in.

Thy cradle is a wreath of snow ;  
Thy nurse the whistling gale ;  
Thy coral is the holly bough ;  
Thy milk the nut-brown ale.  
Let silver lute and golden lyre  
And gleesome voices swell the quire—  
A son is born to heir the sire.  
With merry shout and gladsome din  
Bow we the old year out—dance we the New Year in.

For the shortcomings of the sire  
The son will make amends—  
Shake hands and kiss beside the fire,  
And drink to absent friends.  
With silver harp and golden lyre  
And gleesome voices join the quire—  
A son is born to heir the sire.  
With merry jest and gladsome din  
Bow we the old year out—dance we the New Year in.

## D E C E M B E R .

THE rivers are ribbed with ice,  
The meadows are wrapped in snow,  
The earth is hard and the air is keen,  
And the sunset's glow hath a tinge of green.  
Robin Redbreast sings in the fir-tree woods,  
And the mountains put on their silver hoods ;  
Black frost congeals each root and bud,  
And the holly boughs glisten with drops of blood.  
Icicles hang from the window sills,  
And glitter like gems by the tuneless rills ;  
On grasses that dip into brooks and springs  
The bubbles are fixed into glittering rings.  
The clouds are scattered in stars of snow,  
And to covert retire the stag and doe.  
Oh ! it's then I love to breast the gale,  
Out in the driving sleet and hail,  
Out in the blinding blast and snow,  
Hillo ho ! Hillo ho ! Hillo ho ! Hillo ho !  
Blow, North Winds, blow.

Etarmigan hide in the rocks,  
Torrents freeze on the precipice.  
The flowers have vanished from dale and dell,  
The mosses are green by the moorland well.  
The muir fowl cower in the withered heath,  
On the oak tree the mistletoe hangs its wreath.  
The sheep are gathered in field and fold,  
And the wild swans fly o'er the wintry wold.  
The wild fowl alight on the frozen mere,  
And Winter lies stiff on his ice-bound bier.

The smoke rises blue from the peasant's cot,  
And the crisp air resounds with the huntsman's shot.  
Shrouded with snow are hollow and height,  
And the hornèd moon gleams sharp and white.  
Miles afar you may hear the sound  
Of trampling hoofs on the iron ground.  
Oh ! it's then I love to go  
Out in the drifting, driving snow,  
Out of the house, away from the fire,  
Up the mountains, higher and higher.  
Tossed by the tempest to and fro.  
Hillo ho ! Hillo ho ! Hillo ho ! Hillo ho !  
Blow, North Winds, blow.

Where are the purple violets,  
And the roses red and white ?  
The glory of Summer has come and passed,  
And Winter rides free on the biting blast.  
He waveth his standard, wild and free,  
On the bright green waves of the Northern Sea.  
Where the icebergs crash with thundering shocks,  
And the gray mosses cling to the barren rocks,  
Where the fiery volcanoes are swathed in ice,  
He reigns in his Polar Paradise.  
On the Northern Lights he flaps his wings,  
He dippeth his feet into boiling springs,  
And ruleth with stern and tyrannic sway  
O'er the starry night and the sunless day.  
Through the fields and the forests his hurricanes rave,  
And he filleth with snow-flakes the new-made grave ;  
With the corpse he lieth down side by side,  
And with cold white lips he kisseth the bride.  
Though breast-deep is shrouded the mountain path,  
I will meet this King in his stormy wrath.

Out in the drift and the whirling snow,  
Hillo ho ! Hillo ho ! Hillo ho ! Hillo ho !  
Blow, North Winds, blow.

The churches are covered with snow,  
Within they are glowing with light ;  
There's a sound in the air—how it surges and swells,  
Full of passionate welcomes and solemn farewells.  
In the chime of the bells mingles many a voice,  
The angels of love and compassion rejoice  
That He came in the cold to give warmth to each heart,  
And, to save us from death, endless life to impart.  
It sounds when the Old Year is just on the wane ;  
We have heard it before—shall we hear it again ?  
Over Judah's dark mountains how bright shone his Star,  
When Winter was waving his pennons of war.  
Though mist hides the landscape, and clouds veil the skies,  
Our thoughts to the Holy of Holies shall rise,  
And our souls with the fire of devotion shall glow  
To Him who can wash them as white as the snow.  
Hark ! a shriek of the tempest ! a sweep of the gale ;  
Scattering snowflakes like powder, and bullets of hail.  
Let Charity open each heart and each door ;  
Stir the fire, spread the board, feast the wayworn and poor.  
On with my plaid and my bonnet blue,  
Out in December's wild halloo,  
Out when the hurricane drives the rack,  
Out on the slippery ice-bound track,  
Tossed by the tempest to and fro,  
Up the mountain I love to go ;  
In the hail, and the sleet, and the driving snow,  
Hillo ho ! Hillo ho ! Hillo ho ! Hillo ho !  
Blow, North Winds, blow.

## EDWARD TO EVA.

§ SWEET as the ringdove's plaintive monody,  
The soft, sad music of a rippling stream,  
When the West wind's faint sigh harmoniously  
Steals through the leaves, thy voice to me doth seem.  
My spirit melts in thine rejoicingly,  
Nor rock nor eddy breaks the onward flow ;  
But lulling, warbling, gliding placidly,  
Soft o'er the shining sands our spirits go.  
Nursed at the same fair font in infancy,  
By kind hands rocked, we in one cradle slept ;  
Twin bright-eyed babes, we crowed right merrily,  
And on the same fond mother's bosom wept.  
Our ringing voices sounded laughingly  
From cowslip meads, among the new-mown hay ;  
Like kids and lambs we gambolled sportively,—  
Our childhood one sweet summer holiday.  
The streamlet hums its drowsy lullaby,  
And to the sun and moon for ever sings ;  
E'en thus our yearning hearts confidingly  
Told to the stars our fond imaginings.  
Whene'er I prayed to God most fervently,  
'Twas for a sister that my heart was moved ;  
And when thy lips breathed sweetest melody  
It was to praise a brother most beloved.  
Edward could do no wrong in Eva's sight,  
His accents thrilled her bosom tenderly ;  
Eva was Edward's ever new delight,  
His heart to her heart throbbed responsively.  
To me thou ne'er didst lisp beguilingly,  
Belying thoughts deep hidden in thy breast ;  
With anxious love and calm integrity  
I shared thy joys and soothed thy griefs to rest.

Thou hast fulfilled thy mission bounteously,  
No stinted measure of thy love was given ;  
My soul its homage rendered truthfully.  
We loved on earth as Angels love in Heaven.  
We dipped in youth's clear runlets joyfully,  
Our spirits danced upon the sparkling foam ;  
With babbling brooks we sang delightfully ;  
The rivers widen, we are nearing home.  
Fresh fountains feed our stream continuously—  
Buds, blossoms, leaves, and fruits are borne along,  
And many a cherished voice caressingly  
Cheers our faint hearts, and bids our souls be strong.  
By the green shore we linger lovingly,  
Lip ever pressed to lip and hand to hand,  
Where smiling sirens sing bewitchingly,  
To lure our spirits from a fairer strand.  
By deep, dark pools we sojourn mournfully,  
Where alders droop and weeping willows bend,  
We may not slumber ; ever restlessly  
Through shade and sunshine on our spirits wend.  
With clinging arms embracing tenderly,  
Through shelving banks and open plains we move ;  
Dark threatening clouds, that gather loweringly,  
Unite our souls in closer bonds of love.  
Soul, to my soul long linked so faithfully,  
There comes a time when souls and streams depart  
Into the unknown depths mysteriously,  
Where stream meets stream, and heart meets kindred heart.  
God's love has made our lives flow tranquilly,  
His grace for evermore be thine and mine ;  
We through the night shall sleep so peacefully,  
And rise refreshed, to see the morning shine.



## THE TRYSTE.

IN a lane Hieland glen, whar brown muirfowl were hiding,  
 And proud purple blackcock rose wild on the wing,  
 Wi' a cheery bit lilt while his plew he was guiding,  
 I heard a braw lad gar Dunfallandy ring.

Oh, meet me, he sang, bonny lass, at the shieling,  
 Where the craw croops are ripe, where the heather blooms fair,  
 When ahint Clochnaben the last sun glints are stealing  
 To kiss the auld roden tree ; I will be there.

Ye are winsome, my jo, as the wild rose adorning  
 The banks o' clear Keelbo that murmurs your name ;  
 Ye are bright as the first siller glisk o' the morning,  
 And sweeter nor hinny new dreep'd frae the kame.

While high in the blue lift the day-beams are riding,  
 Atour thae lang lea-rigs I follow the pleuch,  
 My yads i' the yoke while I'm coaxing or chiding—  
 Richt weel ken ye, dawtie, I'm thinkin' o' you.

But day wears awa', and the dews will be fa'ing,  
 My wark will be owre when ye've milked ye're kye,  
 When the pertriks at e'en 'mang the clover are ca'ing,  
 When cushie-doo murmurs the last hushie bye.

Grey gloamin', ye're welcome to ane that is wearie,  
 Auld Time tarries lang when I'd fain gar him flee ;  
 Owre swiftly he speeds when wi' you, my ain dearie,  
 I pu' the red beads o' the auld roden tree.

Ilk braw lucken gowan is queen o' the fallows,  
 Sweet michen and buttercups laugh on the lea ;

Fierce Tanner rins past—noo in pools—noo in shallows,  
'Neath the auld Brig o' Ashe to his hame in the Dee.

Fu' blest was the spring time, when late at the shieling,  
I met thee, braw lass, when the gowans were young ;  
While o'er the peat mosses the plovers were wheeling,  
Hoo blithely ye smiled and hoo sweetly ye sung.

Clear notes o' the laverock aboon us were ringing,  
The voice o' the lintie rang clear as a bell,  
The mavis and merle to ilk ither were singing,  
And the burn clinkèd sweet doon the arn-covered dell.

Fu' mony an hour in the grey simmer gloamin'  
We've dauner'd thegither on broom-blossomed knowes ;  
And through the green birks seen the white torrent foamin',  
And rain drops hang bright on the sweet-scented boughs.

Though winter may wither the bells o' the heather—  
Ilk flower o' the loaning, ilk leaf o' the grove,  
United we'll brave life's tempestuous weather—  
Its blinks o' prosperity strengthen our love.

It'll no be that lang till I wale a sma biggin',  
A bonny kailyard and a peatstack forbye ;  
A weel stockit mailin—oh ! fair fa' the riggin'—  
A couthie wee wife and a canty bit quey.

When simmer has flittet, and cauldrie December  
Has changed thy brown locks, bonnie Jeanie, to snaw,  
Oor tryste at the shieling wi' smiles we'll remember,  
And days will return langsyne vanished awa'.



## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

**H**ARK ! the Christmas chimes do ring,  
Men and maidens sweetly sing ;  
Little children, hark ! they say  
Christ the Lord was born this day.  
Trained in wisdom's pleasant ways,  
Babes and sucklings lisp His praise,  
With the humble shepherds we  
Hail His glad nativity.  
Little children, heirs of heaven,  
Render thanks for mercies given,  
With the blessed angels sing,  
" Jesus Christ is listening !"

Hark ! the Christmas chimes do ring,  
Men and maidens sweetly sing ;  
Little children, hark ! they say  
Christ the Lord was born this day.  
Trained in wisdom's pleasant ways,  
Babes and sucklings lisp His praise.  
Welcome, Counsellor adored,  
Welcome, Everlasting Lord.  
Little children, heirs of heaven,  
Render thanks for mercies given ;  
Hark ! the holy angels sing,  
" Jesus Christ is listening !"

Hark ! the Christmas chimes do ring,  
Men and maidens sweetly sing ;  
Little children, hark ! they say  
Christ the Lord was born this day.

Trained in wisdom's pleasant ways,  
Babes and sucklings lisp His praise.  
Hail ! Messiah ! meek and mild,  
Once on earth a little child.  
Little children, heirs of heaven,  
Render thanks for mercies given,  
With the blessed angels sing,  
" Jesus Christ is listening !"

Hark ! the Christmas chimes do ring,  
Men and maidens sweetly sing ;  
Little children, hark ! they say  
Christ the Lord was born this day.  
Trained in wisdom's pleasant ways,  
Babes and sucklings lisp His praise.  
Welcome, welcome, holy Dove,  
Fountain of eternal love.  
Little children, heirs of heaven,  
Render thanks for mercies given ;  
Hark ! the blessed angels sing,  
" Jesus Christ is listening !"

Hark ! the Christmas chimes do ring,  
Men and maidens sweetly sing ;  
Little children, hark ! they say  
Christ the Lord was born this day.  
Trained in wisdom's pleasant ways,  
Babes and sucklings lisp His praise.  
Saviour, dear, our sins efface,  
Make our hearts Thy dwelling-place.  
Little children, heirs of heaven,  
Render thanks for mercies given,  
With the holy angels sing,  
" Jesus Christ is listening !"

Hark ! the Christmas chimes do ring,  
 Men and maidens sweetly sing ;  
 Little children, hark ! they say  
 Christ the Lord was born this day.  
 Trained in wisdom's pleasant ways,  
 Babes and sucklings lisp His praise.  
 Hear us in Thy bright abode,  
 Son of Mary ! Son of God !  
 Little children, heirs of heaven,  
 Render thanks for mercies given ;  
 Hark ! the blessed angels sing,  
 " Jesus Christ is listening !"

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### WAITING FOR MAY.

**G**REEN, dry, and hard the north winds blow ;  
 Warm west winds drive away the snow ;  
 With balmy breathing, southern gale,  
 Disperse the sleet, dissolve the hail ;  
 Come, lovely May, from palmy isles,  
 With songs and blushes, tears and smiles—  
 With thy cornet, thy bugle, thy fife, and thy drum,  
 With thy flute, and thy harp, and thy clarionet, come !

I'm a-weary, a-weary of waiting for May,  
 Oh ! why does she linger, and where does she stay ?  
 With her architraves of gold and pearls above the dim blue hills ;  
 With her colonnades of emerald, her diamond brooks and rills ;  
 With her rose cornelian pillars, with the coral of her spires,  
 With the sapphire of her temples, with the ruby of her fires ;  
 With her green and purple shadows, with her red and orange gleams ;  
 With the whispers of her foliage, with the murmurs of her streams,

With her trees in bud, the sweet sap rising swiftly through their  
 veins ;  
 With her dewy-lippèd kisses, fresh and fragrant with the rains ;  
 With her arms full of sweet babies of the meadows and the woods ;  
 With her delicate soft mosses, with her bonny blossoming buds ;  
 She will dress her young lilies in silver and white,  
 By the light of her moon, in the cool of the night ;  
 When her hyacinths live, when her daffodils die,  
 She will bring her ger falcon that sails in the sky—  
 Her cushat that coos in the gloom of the leaves—  
 Her laverock that lilt, and her curlew that grieves—  
 Her blackbird his mate in her plumage of brown,  
 With their eggs all in blue, and their nestlings in down—  
 Her red spotted salmon to leap and to swim—  
 Her ouzel to dip, and her May-fly to skim ;  
 She will lend a new song to each bird of the grove—  
 She will cheer us, revive us, refresh us with love ;  
 She will kiss me, and bless me, and gladden my heart,  
 With her primroses come, with her roses depart.  
 Her cuckoo and swallow are both of a mind,  
 And both of them come on the warm south wind.

#### Four old birds

Sitting on the bough of a budding larch,  
 Rocked by the blustering gales of March,—  
 A blackbird, a chaffinch, a tomtit, and a thrush,  
 Swinging, swaying—Hush, oh ! hush—the blackbird is saying :—  
 “ When, when shall we go a-Maying ?  
 Well-a-day ! Well-a-day !  
 It's wearisome, wearisome, waiting for May.  
 The water is frosted, the wind is cold,  
 And the worms lie deep, deep adown the mould ;  
 We have worn to the stumps our yellow bills  
 With digging and digging in the hard molehills.

Chioui too ! Chioui too ! oh, the hail ! oh, the snow !  
I wish I could see a primrose blow."

The blackbird, preening his purple cloak,  
Spoke with a croak,  
As though with the croup he was like to choke.  
A rustle overhead—and he was away,  
In the covert of the firwoods to wait for May.

Three old birds  
Sitting on the branch of a budding beech,  
Where the white owl in the gloaming was wont to screech,—  
A chaffinch, a tomtit, and a thrush,  
Swinging, swaying—Hush, oh ! hush—the chaffinch is saying :—  
" When, when shall we go a-Maying ?  
I would the wild March winds were well away,  
I would that I were nestling in the green leaves of May ;  
Of hips and haws I have had my share,  
But the berries are out, and the boughs are bare ;  
Our claws are benumbed by the biting blasts.  
And our bills are bent by the old beech masts.  
Tirri wee ! Tirri wee ! I am weary of the sleet—  
I would that I could hear a lammie bleat."

The chaffinch, pluming his chestnut crest,  
Spoke with a croak,  
As though he had a very bad cold in his chest.  
A flapping and a flutter, and he was away,  
In the green of the firwoods to wait for May.

Two old birds  
Sitting on the black-budded spray of an ash,  
The gray stem seared by a lightning flash,—  
A tomtit and a thrush,  
Swinging, swaying—Hush, oh ! hush—the tomtit is saying :—  
" When, when shall we go a-Maying ?



## MY HEART.

**M**Y heart is visited by many a guest—  
They come at will,  
A muffled throng, in motley garments drest,  
The hidden chamber fill.

The doors are ever open to each guest ;  
They come and go ;  
And when I slumber, they appear to rest :  
But do they sleep ? Ah no !

My heart is visited by many a sprite  
That seeks to rule ;  
Sorrow in mourning garb, joy clad in white—  
Both good and beautiful.

My heart is decked with many a picture rare  
And quaint device ;  
And on its altar lies embalmed in prayer,  
The peerless pearl of price.

My heart is thrilled with music sweet and low—  
All-glorious hymns !  
Thus, in the land where streams immortal flow,  
Chant the bright cherubims !

My heart is swept by discords wild and strange—  
By passing bells ;  
In its dim halls departed spirits range,  
And murmur sad farewells.

My heart in each pulsation is a pang  
That comes to warn each guest,

And tell my soul as with a trumpet clang—  
Soul, this is not thy rest !

In thy red river fairy fancies dip—  
The proud, the meek—  
They sparkle in the eye, they curve the lip,  
And softly paint the cheek.

My heart, from thee the cry ascends to God,—  
The sigh, the prayer ;  
And feelings, humbled by His chastening rod,  
Lie down in silence there.

My heart, thou scene of gorgeous masquerade !  
And fancy ball !  
Soon shall thy lights expire, the garlands fade—  
Thy towers in ruins fall !

Thou den of wickedness ! thou harbour bar !  
Thou crowded mart !  
Thou warehouse stored with treasures from afar !  
And priceless works of art !

Thou palace for the king ! thou tent of clay !  
Thou battle field !  
Thou clock for ever ticking night and day !  
Thou fervid fountain sealed !

Come Faith and Hope into the frail abode,  
And watch the gate ;  
Come Charity, thou guest beloved of God,  
His temple consecrate.

Within my heart the flame of life burns low—  
There many meet ;

They stir the fire, they make the embers glow,  
Or ere it cease to beat.

My heart is visited by many a guest—  
They come at will ;  
But death's cold fingers laid upon my breast,  
My throbbing heart shall still.

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### THE OLD ELM TREE AT BALNABOTH.

“The stately Elm spreads its wide arms, rejoicing in its strength.”

DEAR memory speaks to me  
Within this old elm tree :  
Tells of long vanished days,  
When, on the sunny braes,  
My youthful footsteps roved  
Amid the friends I loved ;  
Chants in each waving bough,  
Where are those dear ones now ?

Me dost thou recognise,  
When, 'neath the summer skies,  
To muse on times of yore,  
I seek thy shade once more ?  
Though long from thee I've ranged,  
I find thee still unchanged,  
Still in thy hollow cell  
The rain drops love to dwell.

I hear thy voice repeat,  
In whispered rustlings sweet

" Altered, and yet the same ;  
I know thy face and name—  
One of a merry band  
Passed to the spirit land.  
No more on earth to be ;  
Peace to their memory !"

Here hast thou lived, old friend,  
Here to thy journey's end,  
In sunshine and in snow,  
Like mortal weal and woe,  
Shall thy hoar trunk ascend,  
Thy clustering foliage bend,  
Dear relic of the past,  
Spared by the rushing blast.

Elm—to the stormy north  
Still hang thy tassels forth ;  
May many a flowery spring  
Still find thee flourishing—  
Fair summers sing thy praise  
In wild birds' tuneful lays—  
Bright autumns, as of old,  
Exchange thy green for gold.

Age and decay at last  
Consign thee to the past,  
And thy last murmurs be.  
All—all is vanity !



## THE SHIPWRECK OF WINTER.

“ And overboard one stormy night  
He cast his body, and on we swept.”

A FRIGATE of ice with her icicle masts,  
Her sails flapping banners of snow,  
Her mizen-top bent by the ravaging blasts,  
As she rolled on her merciless foe.

Winter stood at the helm, while his roystering crew,  
Amid elements white as the foam,  
Their beards fringed with hoar-frost, their visages blue,  
Chanted wildly “ The Mariner’s Home.”

To the bleak coast of Iceland the vessel they steered,  
Good sooth how the billows did roar !  
But neither rude tempest nor shipwreck they feared,  
As she drave on that desolate shore.

Upon rocks, amid breakers that rose to the sky,  
She was dashed by the pitiless gale ;  
And Winter, unfurling his standard on high,  
Went down with his storm-beaten sail.

I had seen a fair prisoner in chains on the deck,  
With flowers on each glittering wing ;  
When an angel of beauty emerged from the wreck,  
Then I knew ’twas the genius of Spring !



## THE SHADES OF EVE.

"The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of light,  
As a feather is wafted downwards,  
From an Eagle on his flight."

§ LOW fall the shades of eve, the night descends,  
And fluttering breezes through the greenwood stray ;  
The nightingale her plaintive music lends,  
As Nature's tears lament the close of day ;

To her soft notes the hooting owl replies,  
The river murmurs as it steals along,  
The air is redolent of balmy sighs,  
Day chants aloud, Night has her whispered song.

The moon, her lamp illumed with love divine,  
Rests on the brow of night her silver crown ;  
And on earth's darkened face with looks benign,  
Her sparkling kindred gaze in beauty down.

The weary peasant seeks his cottage home,  
The heat and burden of the day are o'er ;  
So doth the vessel, launched on ocean's foam,  
Regain her moorings by the quiet shore.

Where beeches rise majestic to the clouds,  
And with umbrageous foliage sweep the glade ;  
Where cedars rear their swarthy arms like shrouds,  
There silence stalks, e'en of herself afraid.

From distant wolds which heath and gorse adorn,  
Comes the faint perfume of each sleeping flower ;

If fair the radiance of the pearly morn,  
 Dear are the joys of twilight's lingering hour.

O ivied church, within whose green domain  
 The sacred relics of the dead repose,  
 Tell thou each soul that worldly cares are vain,  
 Their joys and sorrows hastening to a close.

In solemn tones repeat, since all must die,  
 "Let frail humanity resemble me ;  
 Low at my feet though mouldering relics lie,  
 My spire points upwards to eternity."

Now mystic night envelops half the earth,  
 And brooding darkness paints the murky air ;  
 Death is the prelude of a fairer birth,  
 And eve's adieu bids us for morn prepare.

### BROWN-EYED MAY.

"She is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a canty wee thing,  
 She is a lovely wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine."

**T**HE yellow sunbeams break  
**O**'er the hill tops—wide awake—  
 Who her dreaming nurse will shake,  
 Crossly scream for milk and cake ?  
 Brown-eyed May !

Rising with the dawning light,  
 Restless, roving, romping sprite,

Chattering, whimpering, worrying wight,  
Daily torment and delight,  
Brown-eyed May!

Blessed and kissed and whipped by Ma,  
Tossed and petted by Papa,  
Riding on his foot see-saw,  
And so on till beddy-ba,  
Brown-eyed May.

Full of mischief, full of fun,  
Sugar crunching, nibbling bun ;  
Morning—noon, till day is done,  
Thinking still of number one,  
Brown-eyed May.

Toddling here and toddling there,  
Climbing Grand-Pa's elbow chair,  
Blowing bubbles in the air,  
Sucking orange, apple, pear,  
Brown-eyed May.

Hide and seek, and peep and bo,  
Sudden shrieks of joy and woe,  
Tottering, stumbling to and fro,  
There ! I thought so, down you go !  
Brown-eyed May.

Glances innocent and true,  
Peeping silken lashes through,  
Ofttimes tipped with sparkling dew,  
Unabashed by me or you,  
Might I beg a kiss or two,  
Brown-eyed May?

Did the tawny butterflies,  
Or September's russet dyes,  
Ripening wheat and amber skies,  
Lend their colour to those eyes,  
Looking out for apple-pies,  
Brown-eyed May ?

Coral lips adorned with pearls,  
Voice like mavis's and merles',  
Round her little head she twirls  
All her riches—golden curls—  
Fairer coronet than earls',  
Brown-eyed May.

Never tired of pranks and ploys ;  
All that headache most annoys,  
Momentary griefs and joys,  
Liking best to romp with boys,  
Tearing clothes and smashing toys,  
Brown-eyed May.

Crowing, capering gleesomely,  
Struggling, scrambling off my knee,  
Prattling o'er her A B C,  
Blundering through "The Busy Bee,"  
Nursing Dolly tenderly,  
Sipping everybody's tea,  
Brown-eyed May.

Putting nurse into a fret,  
Sprawling over grass that's wet,  
Spattering mud upon her net,  
Pouting in a pretty pet,  
Brown-eyed May.

Paddling in the tiny brook,  
Frightened by the lop-winged rook ;  
Hiding in a cosy nook,  
Reading in a tattered book  
Turned upside down, with solemn look,  
Coaxing goodies from the cook,  
Brown-eyed May.

How bewitching are thy charms !  
Love's own dimples, twining arms,  
Fitful passions, brief alarms ;  
Thought of thee my bosom warms ;  
God protect thee from all harms,  
Brown-eyed May.

Now pretending to be shy,  
Looking so demure and sly,  
Holding pussy all awry,  
Poking out her verdant eye,  
Kit submitting patiently  
To her adverse destiny,  
Brown-eyed May.

Sticky face and pinafore,  
Treacle covered o'er and o'er,  
Treacle on the nursery floor,  
On the handle of the door ;  
Breakfast finished, wanting more,  
When you wash her, what a roar !  
Brown-eyed May.

Place her on the salt sea-sand,  
By the bracing breezes fanned ;  
Put a spade into her hand ;

Dig ! she'll dig while she can stand :  
This is health and wealth and land  
To Brown-eyed May.

What though briny tears be shed,  
Duck her three times o'er the head ;  
Won't her cheeks be rosy red ?  
Won't she munch her crust of bread ?  
Sleep as sound's a top in bed ?  
Brown-eyed May.

My hair she'll pull, my face she'll slap,  
With crumbs and butter fill my lap,  
She'll tear the ribbons from my cap,  
With liquorice-stick my knuckles rap,  
With glee her chubby hands she'll clap,  
Then down into my arms she'll flap,  
And, blessings on her ! take a nap,  
Brown-eyed May.

With infantile conceit, to view,  
She'll show her red morocco shoe,  
Her white embroidered frock so new,  
Tied with a sash of bonny blue,  
Brown-eyed May.

Of childish grace the artless queen,  
With open brow and look serene,  
A winning, winsome, daunted wean,  
A rosebud blushing *not* unseen,  
Brown-eyed May.

There's many a thorn with many a rose ;  
And she may yet her thorns disclose,  
As life's still current onward flows,

And wound the hearts of future joes,  
Brown-eyed May.

And will she then, my little pet,  
My sweet unfolding violet,  
Grow up a giddy, gay coquette,  
Her cap for admiration set  
From dawning till her sun shall set,  
Brown-eyed May?

Chubby cherub, without wings,  
Best of the delightful things  
Granted by the King of kings ;  
To which fond affection clings,  
From which purest pleasure springs,  
Brown-eyed May.

Lamb of the Redeemer's fold,  
Soldier in his ranks enrolled,  
Little pearl of price untold,  
Smiling maiden, four years old,—  
Brown-eyed May.

The while I softly moralize,  
In murmurings like to lullabies—  
Half lost in thought, half smiles and sighs,  
As on my lap she cosy lies,  
The darling shuts her hazel eyes,  
Drowsy Fay!

Her snowy crib let nurse prepare ;  
Her night-robe on and smoothed her hair ;  
She'll lisp to Heaven her evening prayer—  
She's fast asleep, I do declare !  
Brown-eyed May!

## A S O N G .

MY heart sings a song,  
And its melody flows,  
Like the lay of a bird,  
To the blush of a rose—  
Like the sob of the south,  
Like the sigh of the west,  
Like the woodpigeon's coo  
To the young in her nest.

When the primroses bloom,  
When the breckans uncurl,  
My heart beats in time  
To the trill of the merle,  
To the hum of a bee  
In the heart of a flower,  
To the song of the leaves,  
To the sound of a shower—

To the grasshopper's chirp,  
To the flutter of wings,  
To the crow of the gorcock,  
The splash of the springs,  
To the sea on the shore,  
To the lark in the sky,  
To the curlew's lament,  
To the echo's reply.

My heart sings a song,  
And its music is sweet,  
Like the wind in the woods  
Where the rivulets meet ;

Like the lintiewhite's lay,  
 Like the lilt of a rill—  
 When it ceases to warble,  
 My heart will be still.

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## PIERCING COLD.

" 'Tis Winter, cold and rude,  
 The wild wind hums his sullen song to-night."

A JANUARY night,  
 A Dry, hard, and bright,  
 Tells us a tale oft told.  
 The world is growing old—  
 A death-cold hand  
 Benumbs our northern land.

The earth is shrouded deep in many a fold  
 Of sparkling snow,—cold, cold, and piercing cold ;  
 Her rain drops all in icicles congealed,  
 And all her babbling brooks in silence sealed.  
 The moon, with keen-eged cutlass, cleaves the air ;  
 The shivering stars give back her frozen glare ;  
 They gleam on frigid plains and hoary woods,  
 On ghostly fastnesses and solitudes ;  
 On spires and temples, castles, towers, and domes,  
 O'er regal palaces and humble homes.  
 The moonbeams lend the night a saddened ray,  
 And change her darkness to a phantom day.  
 God guide the traveller on the trackless wold  
 When night descends, cold, cold, and piercing cold.

Within—the lamps are lit, the fires burn bright :  
 Without—a hard, cold January night.

Nature, with eyelids closed, in slumber dreams,  
And frosted silver fringes silent streams.  
Hark ! how the winds rush o'er the pathless wold !  
Clear is the night—keen, keen, and piercing cold.  
How fair the moon in spring,  
When on young leaves her glance was glistening !  
How fair in summer hours  
Her tender radiance lighted up the flowers !  
Oh, Moon ! no verdure decks thy barren walls,  
With soundless steps thou tread'st thy spangled halls.  
Winter ! thy grasp is rude, thy voice austere,  
Thy brow is clouded, and thy glance severe ;  
Chill is the splendour of thy starry noon,  
The gleaming glory of thy steel-blue moon.

A January night,  
Dry, hard, and bright,  
Tells us a tale oft told—  
The world is growing old ;  
With freezing breath,  
The old, old tale of death.

By snow drifts shrouded in a moorland fold,  
A mother lies—cold, cold, and icy cold.  
Wayworn and weary, battling with the wind,  
Benumbed, bewildered, burthened, weak, and blind,  
She tore the mantle from her shivering form,  
And braved the blast to wrap her infant warm.  
For her no light gleamed o'er the wintry moor,  
No anxious faces thronged the cottage door,  
No moonbeam lighted up her lonely path ;  
Sudden the tempest smote her in its wrath.  
She thought on friends and home far far away ;  
She thought upon her God, and strove to pray ;  
Deep in the drifting snow she sank to rest,  
A frozen baby on her frozen breast.

O'er them the storms may roar, the torrents leap,  
 They ne'er shall waken from their ice-bound sleep.  
 Her struggles, her despair, her cries, her tears,  
 Were known to God alone, and He hath calmed her fears ;  
 The sheep and lamb He gathered in His fold,  
 No more to feel life's piercing, piercing cold.

How fair on purple hills  
 The moon's mild radiance glimmered on the rills !  
 How fair in Autumn, when her pearly wreath  
 Adorned the heath !  
 Hark ! how the northern blast sweeps o'er the wold !  
 The air strikes keen—cold, cold, and piercing cold.  
 Oh, Moon ! cold, pale, and passionless thou art ;  
 There beats no pulse within thy stony heart.  
 Winter ! thy blood is thin, thy limbs are old,  
 Thy pulse is weak, thy lips are piercing cold ;  
 Chill is the splendour of thy starry noon,  
 The gleaming glory of thy steel-blue moon.

---

### LUFF WHILE IT BLOWS.

**W**E cannot expect, in this boisterous world,  
 Always to sail with our flags unfurled ;  
 For storms will arise when we least expect,  
 And our vessel on rocks right ahead will be wrecked.

Would you know  
 A truthful motto  
 For friend or foe,  
 In thunder and lightning, in hail and snow ?  
 Ahoy ! Here goes !  
 Luff while it blows !

'Tis a maxim of Wisdom in every clime,  
For sailors afloat on the billows of Time ;  
'Tis a chart that will guide them on every sea,  
And a plummet will show what their soundings be.

To the deep there is never a river doth run,  
But is shattered by rocks ere its journey be done ;  
There doth never a tree in a forest grow,  
That hath not 'mid its branches a broken bough.

Oh ! there never yet was a mortal born  
That never was weary, and never was worn ;  
There was never a heart that was bruised and bent,  
That needed not sorely its chastisement.

Our feelings and fancies, like boats on the sea,  
Do sink and rise continually ;  
There's a pathway on land, there's a track on the wave,  
And that pathway and track have one ending—the grave !

Oh ! the man is for ever the same as the boy,  
He tires of his bauble, and smashes his toy ;  
The more he has got, the more he would get,  
And there ne'er was a heart that was satisfied yet.

Oh ! there's many a pleasure to pain allied,  
And there's many a wish to the heart denied ;  
There are smiles of the sweetest that prove untrue ;  
There are tears that refresh like the morning dew.

There's many a man that the world reckons just,  
Who in secret is false to his honour and trust,—  
Who plausible—pleasing, in heart is a knave,  
And crawls on in a hypocrite's path to his grave.

To the soul that is noble, and tender, and meek,  
The honour will come that it scorns to seek ;  
And peace shall return to the yearning breast,  
And love shall be sweet in the land of rest.

Oh ! a word of kindness in season spoken,  
Pours balm on the spirit with anguish broken ;  
But the venomous tongue and the rancorous heart  
Shall both be transfixed with a fiery dart.

'Tis good to submit, with an equable mind,  
To the pattering shower and the blustering wind ;  
And as sure as the sunshine comes after the rain  
Will the wrong that is done right itself again.

In our nearest and dearest as long as we live  
There are *foibles* and *faults* to forget and forgive ;  
There are words, there are deeds they too late may regret,  
Which the heart may forgive, which it cannot forget.

Oh ! there's nothing in life so abhorrent as this—  
A hypocrite's smile, and a hypocrite's kiss,  
And to know that the heart you love dearest and best  
Is a den where the adder has made its nest.

In the finest of ore there is refuse and rust,  
And the brightest of gems may be tarnished with dust ;  
But woe to the hand that is closed to the poor,  
And woe to the heart that is rotten at core.

'Tis good to be upright whatever befall—  
To be kindly, and courteous, and just to all,  
And to steer a straight course till our voyage shall cease,  
And we're anchored by death in the haven of peace.

There are ground swells and sand banks, and whirlpools to  
dread;

There's a leak in the starboard ! and breakers ahead !

Trim the ship ! spread the mainsail ! our voyage is short !

Any moment our pilot may bring us to port.

Would you know

A prudent motto

For friend or foe,

In thunder and lightning, in hail and snow ?

Ahoy ! Here goes !

Luff while it blows !

## AUTUMN'S WELCOME.

" With what a glory comes and goes the year."

**W**ELCOME the coming—speed the parting guest ;  
Summer, adieu ! come, mellow Autumn, drest  
In russet robe and parti-coloured vest :

Come, riding on the equinoctial gale,  
Thy prancing courser armed with scythe and flail,  
Thy foaming flagon filled with nut-brown ale.

With smiling aspect view thy meadows shorn ;  
On groaning wains thy golden treasures borne ;  
Bread for the hungry hid in sheaves of corn.

List to thy reaper's song—thy hunter's cry ;  
Thy swan's departing note, far in the sky ;  
The mute appeal of summer flowers that die.

Flushed with the glory of his ripening grain,  
His purple grapes, he stalks o'er dale and plain,  
And shares his riches with the labouring swain.

He gathers luscious fruits and fallen leaves ;  
Of tangled grass a coronal he weaves ;  
And drives the swallows from their sheltering eaves.

Lo ! on his knees he falls ; to heaven his hand  
Is raised ; the while a bright angelic band,  
Unseen by man, float o'er the smiling land.

They call on us, that fair celestial quire,  
At God's great gifts to wonder and admire ;  
When does His goodness fail ?—His mercy tire ?

Childhood's fair hopes He gave—the buds of spring ;—  
Youth's summer roses sweetly nourishing ;  
Manhood, to Him thy autumn harvest bring,  
For age and winter know no flourishing.

---

### MATILDA'S GRAVE.

“ Death has made  
His darkness beautiful with thee.”

**T**HE rose blooms sweetly on Matilda's grave ;  
A fairer flower was she who sleeps below.  
Time can assuage the keenest agony ;  
Shine on, bright sun ; blow, sighing south wind, blow.  
The violet springs above her gentle breast,  
Where every soft affection once did grow.

How sound my loved one sleeps, how peacefully !  
 Weep vernal showers ; blow, balmy west winds, blow.  
 The daisy withers, autumn leaves fall sere,  
 Its gorgeôus sunset can she see ? Ah, no !  
 Alas ! my broken lily moulders here.  
 Rise, chilling mists ; blow, bitter east winds, blow.  
 December broods amid the darkening sky,—  
 Spreads o'er Matilda's tomb his veil of snow—  
 Conceals her resting-place from every eye.  
 Rage, stormy gales ; blow, cruel north winds, blow.  
 Farewell, my only love, farewell awhile ;  
 'Mid fading flowers we met—'mid rain and snow,  
 We yet shall meet in everlasting bowers,  
 Where Time's relentless winds can never blow.

---

L A D Y M A Y .

“ Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.”

ELCOME and gay  
 Comes my Lady May  
 From her home, we wot not where,  
 Blithesome as morn,  
 While her newly-born  
 Sweet violets scent the air.

The jewels and pearls  
 Entwined in her curls  
 She strews on her pathway green ;  
 'Twixt playful wiles  
 And bewitching smiles  
 Bright tears in her eyes are seen.

Each lily pale,  
 In the lowly vale,  
 Is kissed by her lips so red ;  
 Blue hyacinths rest  
 On her tender breast  
 When the wintry storms have fled.

She stays not long,  
 For her gentle song  
 Is hushed by the voice of June ;  
 Her cuckoo cries,  
 Her swallow replies—  
 She is gone with her silver moon.

She bears life's flowers  
 To her unseen bowers ;  
 New souls on each airy wing  
 To a fairer earth,  
 To a glorious birth,  
 To the land of eternal spring.

---

PLANTA GENISTA.

“ The broom blooms bonny and says it is fair.”

**P**LANTA Genista, yellow broom,  
 Gold, strewn by nature with a lavish hand ;  
 Gay colours woven in her fairest loom ;  
 Her cheerful garden in the desert land.  
 Rough are the gales that shake thy hardy form,  
 Chill the inclement blasts and driving snow,  
 Yet dost thou rear, despite of wind and storm,  
 Thy golden buds, and bid them brightly glow.

Thy breath is sweet, ah ! very sweet to me ;  
 Dear are thy verdant bushes on the brae,  
 Where, with the prickly furze thou dost agree  
 To lend thy lustre to the charms of May ;  
 The little trickling brook amid them winds,  
 Through moss and pebbles rippling evermore.  
 The village maid with thee her tresses binds,  
 And strews thy saplings on her cottage floor.  
 Though now unvalued, yet a race of yore  
 Chose thee fit emblem of their royal line,  
 Proudly thy branches on their helmets wore  
 On fields of death in holy Palestine.  
 Bring each returning spring a new delight,  
 Unfold fresh beauties to the vernal air ;  
 Adorn each lowly glen,—each mountain height,  
 Planta Genista—I will meet thee there.

---

### THE AULD BRIG O' CALLANDER.

**G**RAND mountains rise by Callander,  
 Where Leny Water joins the Teith,  
 O'erhung by mony a fragrant wreath ;  
 Through birken braes and haughs o' heather  
 They didna seek to gang thegither,  
 But noo through flowery fields they wander  
 'Neath the auld Brig o' Callander.

Rude rushing frae their native mountains  
 Their waters roll—their waters spread  
 O'er stripe, and scaur, and mossy bed,  
 Fierce foaming frae the heathy Highlands  
 By corries, cruives, and rocky islands,

To keep their joyfu' tryst, and wander  
'Neath the auld Brig o' Callander.

Benledi looms in misty splendour,  
And glooms o'er Leny's wooded Pass,  
Whar rills rin rowin' 'mang the grass,  
And brattle on through hazel bushes  
Amang the lintiewhites and thrushes,  
Whar Teith and Leny Water wander,  
'Neath the auld Brig o' Callander.

My lassie dear, wi' heart o'erladen,  
Hear'st thou the rivers murmur on  
With silvery sweetness in their tone,  
Of kindred souls that once took pleasure  
In listening to their plaintive measure,  
Whar Teith and Leny Water wander,  
'Neath the auld Brig o' Callander?

---

ON THE RUINS OF ST MARY'S CHAPEL,  
AND  
TOMB OF THE LADY ELIZABETH OGILVY,  
IN GLEN PROSEN, FORFARSHIRE.

"Sleep to the end, true soul and sweet,  
Nothing comes to thee new or strange."

HOW fair is evanescent Spring;  
How fresh her wild flowers blow;  
How sweet her merry warblers sing;  
How clear her fountains flow!  
She bids me climb yon steep ascent,  
Whence Grampians loom magnificent;

Then shows me in sequestered shade,  
This lonely and romantic glade ;  
Amidst her young luxuriant bloom  
Behold ! a ruin and a tomb !

On this wild mountain, lo ! I stand  
In a lone burial ground ;  
The hallowed soil by ruins spanned,—  
With desolation crowned.  
Once, prayer and praise arose to God,  
From those who sleep beneath the sod ;  
Thick moss grows o'er them now,—one stone  
Tells of one resting-place alone.

A cherry tree, whose foliage gay  
O'erhangs the mouldering wall,  
With verdure beautifies decay,  
Like snow its blossoms fall.  
Here, Nature's handiwork is seen,  
Her living tapestry of green,  
Where she despoils, a charm she blends—  
To death a mournful lustre lends.

Beauty and noble birth were hers,  
Who lies in peace below  
The branching elm, the shadowing fir—  
Removed from mortal woe.  
A graceful maid, a priceless pearl,  
The daughter of a belted earl ;  
She died when every charm had fled,  
Her mind to earth had long been dead.

Within her old ancestral hall,  
In loveliness portrayed,

She smiles upon the panelled wall  
 In robes of blue brocade.  
 The colour of her earnest eyes  
 Seems borrowed from Italian skies ;  
 You'd deem those ruby lips would sing,  
 Like nightingales in early spring.

Upon her bosom fades a rose ;  
 Gems in her golden hair ;  
 How bright a morn ! how dark a close !  
 And now she slumbers—there.  
 Sad fate it seems ; but He knew best  
 Who took her late to endless rest ;  
 Ah ! what are beauty, rank, and pride,  
 To frail humanity allied !

Here, summer laughs, here, winter raves,  
 Here, autumn tints the leaves,  
 Here, spring on those forgotten graves  
 Her choicest garland weaves.  
 Sleep, daughter of a race of Thanes,  
 Omniscience guardeth thy remains ;  
 Commissioned angels hover round,  
 And watch the consecrated ground.

### A MOURNFUL MONODY.

“ The wind, among the ruined towers so bare, sighs mournfully ;  
 The herds, the flocks, the streams, all suffer, all complain.”

THE wind is high, the lark is glad,  
 Can my song be gay when my heart is sad ?  
 The rain lies chill in the heart of the rose,  
 Another drop—and it overflows.

Wild wailing winds, ye have the art  
To wound my soul, to break my heart ;  
Frail primroses, your faint sweet breath  
Brings back the memory of death.

Cool water rippling in the reeds,  
Ye pierce my heart, my bosom bleeds ;  
Sweet violets, purple-stained and white,  
Ye cannot make my darkness light.

Cold wild March winds, the trees that shake,  
Cry to the barren boughs, awake !  
My heart throbs wildly at your voice—  
Ye cannot make my heart rejoice.

Oh winds, breathe soft ; oh winds, breathe low,  
O'er fresh green fields where blue bells blow,  
Disperse dull clouds that dim the sky—  
Tell not the cowslips they must die.

South wind, blow soft in early hours,  
Through hawthorn buds, through chestnut flowers—  
A greeting cold, a look unkind,  
Cuts keener than the coldest wind.

The sharpest wind, the rudest storm,  
Can never chill a heart that's warm ;  
Nor April's sun nor July's rain  
Can make an old heart young again.

The stars shine bright in twilight hours,  
The moonbeams rest on fading flowers—  
Some hearts there be that ne'er grow old,  
A love there is that ne'er grows cold.

Wild warring winds, wail not so loud,  
I know the dead must wear a shroud—  
I know that some to bliss are born,  
And some to dree the skaith and scorn.

I know a coffin doth enshrine  
The heart so dearly loved of mine ;  
Ye clouds drop incense from the skies ;  
Ye winds breathe soft where low she lies.

Bleak winds, ye cross the northern seas  
To crush the frail anemones.  
God pours the vials of his wrath,  
And lo ! we die before the moth.

The glorious sun for me may shine,  
The music of the groves is mine—  
For me the blackbird sounds his flute  
In gloaming grey, when woods are mute.

Soft rains, that nurse the tender buds,  
Ye fill the fountains and the floods—  
A blessing rests on heart-wrung tears,  
They wash away the faults of years.

West winds breathe soft where roses blow,  
'Mong lilies white as virgin snow.  
Brown mavis, with the speckled breast,  
Oh, sweetly sing my soul to rest.

In that tumultuous world the soul,  
Wild whirlwinds war, dread thunders roll—  
The winds shall cease that idly rave—  
There shall be silence in the grave.

The butterfly's a gentle thing,  
 The honey bee can fiercely sting—  
 Sweet flowers are broken by the wind—  
 Break not sweet souls by thoughts unkind.

The wind blows fresh, the lark is gay—  
 Can my song be glad when my heart is wae?  
 The dew lies chill in the cup of the rose:  
 Another drop, and it overflows!

## THE PROSEN AND THE LOGIE:

### STREAMS IN THE BRAES OF ANGUS.

“The same sweet sounds are in my ear,  
 My early childhood loved to hear.”

THE sound of many waters falling,  
 Delights, enchants mine ear;  
 Prosen unto the Logie calling,  
     In accents clear.  
 Come from the moorland, corrie, cleugh, and dingle,  
     With sob and song,  
 Your roving rapids with my torrents mingle,  
     And sweep along.  
 United once, oh! nought can e'er dis sever  
     Our wedded bliss,  
 Through shade and sunshine, surging on for ever,  
     The banks we kiss:  
 For ever, in our rippling glass revealing  
     Sweet Nature's face—  
 For ever in our lucid depths concealing  
     The finny race—

List to our choral anthem softly swelling,  
    Ye warbling birds ;  
Lave in our eddies, bubbling, sparkling, welling,  
    Ye lowing herds ;  
Ye glittering pebbles, coronetted rushes,  
    Adorn our way ;  
Ye bending osiers, gloomy alder bushes  
    Shut out the day.  
Come, Logie, from your heathy wildernesses,  
    Where gale blooms sweet ;  
Where fragrant thyme the humble bee caresses,  
    My waves to meet :  
We sprung from our dear mother's fond embraces,  
    Her babes new born ;  
We prattled forth her praise with infant graces  
    From eve till morn :  
Our beds were broidered with the freshest mosses  
    That feet ere trod ;  
Our limbs were cradled in the fairest flosses  
    That deck the sod ;  
By us the swallow in the spring-time fleeteth  
    On curvèd wings ;  
And us the cuckoo from the greenwood greeteth,  
    Glad news that brings :  
To us the pewit tells in plaintive numbers  
    His tale of woe ;  
By us the red deer in the bracken slumbers,  
    The gorcocks crow.  
Cool winds refresh us in the dewy morning  
    When all is still,  
And day begins to spread his dappled awning  
    O'er vale and hill ;  
Oh ! how we love to ripple in the shadow  
    Of cloudlets dim,

That wander o'er the skies' transparent meadow  
Like Cherubim.  
On rocks o'erhead the gallant fir tree planteth  
His stately stem,  
And the red roden in the whirlwind flaunteth  
His diadem.  
To us the imperial purple of the heather  
Its colour lends ;  
O'er us the royal fern's serrated feather  
In beauty bends.  
Oh ! brightly shines the summer sky above us  
In azure sheen ;  
The moon and stars look down as those who love us,  
By night serene :  
Our flowery banks are fringed with whitest clover  
And grasses green ;  
And ladies mantle flings her tresses over  
Our granite screen.  
To us the lizard comes in mailèd splendour  
His form to view :  
On us the harebell looks with glances tender  
From eyes of blue ;  
We hear the curlew in the rocky passes,  
Where echo rings ;  
We see the heron rise from green morasses  
On ashy wings ;  
We hear the zephyr to our whisper sighing  
In accents bland,  
Adown the crag, the cataract replying,  
In mutterings grand ;  
We rise from precipices stern and hoary  
On gleaming sand—  
Amid the calm, the rapture, and the glory  
Of mountain land ;

We hear the melody of Nature's chorus,  
The eagle's cry—  
The cannons of the tempest thundering o'er us  
In majesty.  
We hear the Eternal Spirit that rejoices  
And ever sings  
In the still air ; we hear His angels' voices—  
His angels' wings.  
Immortal words of blessing and salvation  
That never cease—  
The Holy Dove that sheds on all creation  
His perfect peace.  
We see the sun his matin homage yield  
To hill and wood,  
And pour the radiance of his golden shield  
O'er field and flood :  
On yonder purple peak in clouds of fire  
He sinks from sight ;  
We see the shadows fall—the day expire,—  
The birth of night.  
The moon, through her black visor, shows her face,  
So pale and pure,  
And makes each jetty pool—her resting place—  
A Koh-i-noor !  
And there the star of gloaming loves to dwell,  
But may not rest ;  
And on our borders blooms the Asphodel  
In dew-drops drest.  
From flying clouds we catch the fitful rain,  
Sleet, hail, and snow ;  
In a wild spate we burst our banks amain,  
And overflow.  
Like to some low-born genius, sweetly singing,  
Our race we run ;

In spring we see the buds and blossoms springing—  
     The summer sun.  
 In yellow fields see jovial autumn reaping  
     A nation's bread ;  
 And churlish Winter, over Nature sleeping,  
     His mortcloth spread ;  
 In vain he chains us to his frozen bier  
     With icy hands ;  
 In vain he strives to check our wild career—  
     We burst his bands !  
 To us shall tinkling rills their tribute pay,  
     And swell our pride ;  
 For us shall tuneful bards resound the lay  
     While Time shall bide.  
 And still the same dark forests, rocks, and fountains,  
     We shall behold,  
 As erst descending through the Grampian mountains,  
     In days of old.

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### FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

 H ! heartsome and blithe is the blink o' the morn,  
 And the cock at the dawn is crowing ;  
 But it's blither yet when a babe is born,  
 And the wind in the grass is blowing.

There's a buirdly bit boy on his mummie's breast,  
 And the whaup 'mang the craigs is crying ;  
 There's a winsome wee girl in her cradle-nest  
 And the dew on the grass is lying.

There's a brosy bairn wi' a tap o' tow,  
 And the cock at the dawn is crowing ;

There's a rosy wean wi' a curly pow,  
And sae green as the grass is growing.

There's a croodlin' totum on's grannie's knee,  
And the whaup 'mang the craigs is crying ;  
There's a lammie, the light o' her daddie's ee,  
And the dew on the grass is lying.

There's a toddling but and a toddlin' ben,  
And the cock at the dawn is crowing ;  
There's a crouse chanticleer, and a cheepin' hen,  
And the wind in the grass is blowing.

There's a hempie will rant and roar and fight,  
There's a quynie that liltis like a lintiewhite ;  
There's a lang-legged loon, a-suppin his kail,  
There's a lassock fu' snod wi' her milkin' pail ;  
There's twa herdies linkin' up the broomy knowes,  
There's twa yolpins jinken whar the burnie rows ;  
There's a cankered coof, wha's weel waured o' his paiks,  
There's a smeerless cutty wha scouthers the cakes ;  
There's a hobbledehoy wha spiels up the trees,  
There's a giggling gawkie wha thrimmles the cheese ;  
There's a wild gilpie harrying nests on the braes,  
There's a sonsie hizzy wha's trampin' the claes ;  
There's a dare-decvil buckie wha rides and rins,  
There's a pensie wee wifie wha wyves and spins ;  
There's a sun-brunt chap that's following the plew,  
There's a braw bruckit fillok sits kaimin' the woo ;  
There's a swankie that's guddling for troots i' the burn,  
There's a kemper that's prood whan she wins the kirn ;  
There's a jampher that's fleechin' the dey wi' fair words,  
There's a gipsy wha skails the cream to his curds ;  
There's a gawsie chield pu's her a bonny red rose,  
There's a sleekit puss sae cannily butters his brose ;

There's a haverel wha gapes and glow'rs at the fowk,  
There's a taupie wha ca's him baith gomeril and gowk ;  
There's a carl courts a quean at market and fair,  
Wi' sweeties and snaps, and snoods for her hair ;  
There's a birkie wha skellochs and thuds wi's heel,  
There's a hallachin kitty that bobs through the reel ;  
There's a sturdy stieve pleuman wha's heart's unco saft,  
There's a witch, wi' her cantrips, that dings him clean daf  
There's a douce couple readin' ae book i' the Kirk,  
And a' the time settin' a tryste for the mirk ;  
There's a braw strappin' callant, his minnie's pride,  
There's a fair May, the flower o' the kintra side ;  
There's a lad lo'es a lass, there's a lass lo'es a lad,  
Will she be his guidwife ? will he speak till her dad ?  
The grieve mak's him sure o' the tack o' a ferm,  
They'll be buikèd and cryed and buckled at the term ;  
There's a Lord o' the Barony bends the knee,  
There's a fule thing ta'en up wi' his fleecherie ;  
There's a dour dour carle, there's a scornful quean,  
There's het, het anger, there's flashing e'en ;  
There are words whilk pierce far waur nor a knife,  
There are partings whilk dry up the springs o' life ;  
There are jibes and jeers whilk pierce like dairts,  
There are broken oaths, there are breaking hairts ;  
There's a lass mak's a mock o' the laird an' his gear,  
And Mess John mak's them ane ere the fa' o' the year ;  
There's a feckless pride and an evil pride,  
The cottar is no for the gentle's bride ;  
Ow ! like to like is aye fitting and best,  
The shilfaw is no for the eagle's nest ;  
As sure as the snaw lies on heigh Cairngorm,  
They wha saw to the wind sall reap o' the storm ;  
There's a shauchlin', daisied, and mauchtless man,  
The foremost aye to brulyie and bann,

Wi' mony a fell and fearsome oath,  
At the lassie wha failed in her plighted troth,  
His een are bleared and his lips are blae,  
And he's sweer to work, and he daurna pray ;  
There's the weel-faured leddy o' that ilk,  
Wi' her gowden kame and her goon o' silk,  
Her cheeks hae tyned the roses' hue,  
And the saut saut tears blind her een sae blue ;  
There's a titled dame—yea ! a baron's bride,  
Wha thowless walks by her prood lord's side,  
And aye to hersel' she mak's her mane,  
Oh ! dool-an-ee for the days that are gane ;  
And aye when the nicht and morning meet,  
A drunkard reels through the silent street,  
Nae pleasure hath he aneath the sun,  
He caresna how sune his days be done ;  
There's a lord wha rues in his castle ha',  
There's a leddy wha dwines in her greenwood shaw ;  
There's a laird wha glooms in his lordly tower,  
There's a leddy wha sabs in her painted bower.  
Ochon a ri ! Ochon a ri !  
Their's was the dool and the misery ;  
There's a green kirkyard on the breckan brae,  
Whaur the corbie croaks in the gloamin' gray.

Oh ! heartsome and blythe is the glint o' the morn,  
And the cock at the dawn is crowing ;  
But night bringeth rest to the weary and worn,  
And the wind in the grass is blowing.

There's a bedrel buried 'mang bedrel dead,  
And the whaup 'mang the craigs is crying ;  
Nae stane marks the place whaur he is laid,  
And the dew on the grass is lying.

But the sun blinks bright on his gowany bed,  
 And the cock at the dawn is crowing ;  
 Through the hawthorn branches' flichtering shade,  
 And sae green as the grass is growing.

Owre young to dee in her bonny prime,  
 And the whaup 'mang the craigs is crying ;  
 Owre young to sleep 'mang the muirlan' thyme,  
 And the dew on the grass is lying.

Oh ! willawins ! auld een maun greet—  
 And the cock at the dawn is crowing ;  
 Clapsed in her arms, her bairnie sweet,  
 And the wind in the grass is blowing.

Happ'd i' the faulds o' her winding-sheet,  
 And the whaup 'mang the craigs is crying ;  
 She lies i' the mools aneath my feet,  
 And the dew on the grass is lying.

## HEATHER BELLS.

 H ! leeze me on the bonny flower  
 That blooms on craigs and fells,  
 The bravest flower, the sweetest flower—  
 Auld Scotland's heather bells !  
 On rocky shelves the bluart blaws,  
 And boos it's gracefu' head ;  
 The lily lo'es the lowland shaws,  
 By mony a streamlet fed.  
 Spiel up the braes, my winsome doo,  
 Whar snaw the torrent swells,

And learn a lad the way to woo  
Amang the heather bells !

Oh ! blobs o' caller dew may fa'  
Whar clover scents the breeze,  
And lucken-gowans, tipped wi' snaw,  
May charm the hummel bees.  
Ilk Grampian cocks its bonnet blue,  
And buckles on its plaid ;  
The lowlan' lass will never rue  
That lo'es a Hieland lad.  
Spiel up the braes, my dainty doo,  
The corries, craigs, and fells,  
And learn a lad the way to woo  
Amang the heather bells !

It's O ! to see the blaeberries blaw  
Aside the corbie's nest,  
To hear the curlew and the crow  
Whar wild winds never rest.  
Richt up yon grassy knowe we'll go,  
Unto the shepherd's cairn,  
And scare the muirfowl and the roe  
From out the muirland fern.  
Spiel up the braes, my croodlen doo,  
Whar snaw the torrent swells,  
It's blythe a bonny lass tae woo  
Amang the heather bells !

I'll pu' ripe averins for thee,  
That fringe the mossy wells  
Whar todler tyke and garie bee  
Conceal their waxen cells.  
'Tis sweet to watch the gowden day  
Slow sinkin' in the west ;

'Tis sweet to rove at gloamin' grey  
Wi' ane the heart lo'es best.  
Spiel up the braes, my cushie-doo,  
The corries, craigs, and fells,  
And there I'll pree your bonny mou'  
Amang the heather bells.

The mune begins to trim her light,  
The stars will follow soon,  
And glitter on the broo o' night  
Like ony siller croon.  
I've seen the sunbeams steal the mist  
Frae buirdly Bennachie ;  
But, lang or ere the theft I wist,  
Ye thieved my heart frae me.  
Spiel up the braes, my winsome doo,  
What snaw the torrent swells ;  
Be true to him that's true to you  
Amang the heather bells !

Oh ! mind ye, lass, the simmer day  
We daunert by oursel's  
On yonder sunny birken brae,  
And pu'd the heather bells ?  
A laithfu' sweetheart twined a wreath,  
And wistna what to say ;  
Syne saftly sighed aneth his breath,  
" Ye've wiled my heart away !"  
Spiel up the braes, my winsome doo,  
The corries, craigs, and fells,  
And learn a lad the way to woo  
Amang the heather bells !

My bonny bird, my genty Jean !  
This heart is fairly thine ;

I didna ken, a year yestreen,  
I had a heart to tine.  
The blithesome laverock woos his bride  
Aboon the sprouting corn ;  
The eagle on the mountain side—  
And we'll be wed the morn.  
Spiel up the braes, my ain kind doo,  
Whar snaw the torrent swells,  
And there I'll pree your bonny mou'  
Amang the heather bells !

Sweet marjoram and gowans bloom  
Aside my wee bit cot,  
Wild tansy, yellow-cups, and broom,  
And blue forget-me-not.  
We'se mind the kye, we'se clip the sheep,  
We'se kame the tarry woo' ;  
The seed we'll saw, the harvest reap,  
And aye be leal and true.  
Spiel up the braes, my ain kind doo,  
The corries, craigs, and fells ;  
Oh ! leeze me on the lass I lo'e  
Amang the heather bells !

When Winter brings his norlan' blast,  
And fogs to smore the hills ;  
When frost grips a' the burnies fast,  
And locks the poplen rills ;  
When rain poors doon our ingle cheek,  
And maist puts oot the bleeze,  
The hallan door we'll closely steek,  
And feast on cakes and cheese.  
Wi' stivel hearts we'll spiel the braise,  
Though whiles the torrent swells,

And bonny bairns will round us play  
Amang the heather bells !

Gin puirtith cauld an' cankert care  
Su'd in our sheiling dwell,  
We'll no cry dool, we'll no despair,  
For time will right itsel'.  
We'll busk, and to the kirk be boun',—  
And fair may be oor fa',—  
In tartan vest and wincey gown,  
And, vow, but we'll be braw !  
We'll live in love till life's decay  
'Mang Scotland's craigs and fells,  
And sleep in peace on yon green brae  
Amang the heather bells !

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## THE BOUQUET.

### A SONG.

" Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,  
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,  
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours  
Of happy wanderers there."

O, bring me wild flowers from the valley and mountain :  
Yes ; gather a bouquet, my darling, for me ;  
And let them be fresh as the spray of the fountain,  
Their petals untouched by the murmuring bee.

Collect the gay treasures all fragrant, and waking  
To-day's youngest beam with a new-born delight,  
While dawn in the purple horizon is breaking,  
Snatch these children of morn from the shadows of night.

And yet in her arms they did blissfully slumber,  
 And eve to her breast shall their sweetness convey ;  
 But ere fleeting time half their beauties can number,  
 How many shall pass to the land of decay !

These blossoms of loveliness, waking or sleeping,  
 Like the world where they flourish, are transient and vain ;  
 But bright is the realm, free from sorrow and weeping,  
 Where Earth's faded flowers shall be gathered again.

## THE MOURNER.

“ I weep, but not rebellious tears ;  
 I mourn, but not in hopeless woe.”

**B**EHIND yon purple mountain sets the sun, my Mary,  
 And dusky shadows creep ;  
 Darkness descendeth, like a veiled nun, my Mary,  
 With me to watch and weep.  
 I pass the churchyard gate, beside thy tomb, my Mary,  
 To commune sweet with thee ;  
 Thy loving spirit cometh 'mid the gloom, my Mary,  
 To keep its tryst with me.  
 The grass grows thick and green upon thy grave, my Mary,  
 For thou hast long been dead ;  
 O'er thee the weeping willow's branches wave, my Mary,  
 And daisies grace thy bed.  
 Each monumental stone and effigy, my Mary,  
 In silence, speaks of death.  
 The wind that shakes the yew's dim tapestry, my Mary,  
 Stirs not the dead beneath.  
 Thy dust lies here that was so fair and sweet, my Mary—  
 Home of as fair a soul,

I saw thee shrouded in thy winding-sheet, my Mary,  
 I heard thy death-bell toll.  
 In night's dark mirror I behold thy face, my Mary,  
 When all is calm and still,  
 When moonbeams lend a melancholy grace, my Mary,  
 To lake, and stream, and hill.  
 I see thy lips in summer's reddest rose, my Mary,  
 Whose bloom the dew-drop wets.  
 Thy brow the lily's purest charms disclose, my Mary,  
 Thine eyes the violet's.  
 When sleep enfolds me in her velvet wings, my Mary,  
 I hear thy tender voice ;  
 Thou comest nightly from the Eternal Springs, my Mary,  
 To bid my heart rejoice.  
 I meet thee, fair and young, by shining streams, my Mary,  
 Where flowers perfume the glade ;  
 I clasp thee to my yearning heart in dreams, my Mary,  
 The shadow of a shade.

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## THE RETURN.

" The grey cliff, the blue lake, the streams' dashing glee,  
 Endear the red hills of the heather to me."

**F**ROM the Babel and battle of life,  
 From the tumult and struggle of men,  
 From a world of distraction and strife,  
 I return to my dear Highland glen.  
 There I'll whisper my thoughts to the rocks,  
 And my feelings confide to the trees ;  
 There I'll commune with forests and flocks,  
 And my anthem shall float on the breeze.

Where Solitude, sister of Peace,  
Feels the breath of the soft summer air,  
I shall rise to the cloudlets of fleece,  
And the sunbeams shall garland my hair.  
Where the heather is all of a glow,  
In purple embroidery drest ;  
And the turf is enamelled below,  
With the wild flowers that bloom on its breast.

There my senses shall richly regale  
On the fragrancy wafted around ;  
And every wee blossom exhale  
The honey with which it is crowned.  
The grandeur of Nature, her calm,  
Ennoble the mind they impress ;  
They impart to the wounded a balm,  
And the soul of the mourner they bless.

Her manifold voices, how sweet !  
Her manifold aspects, how fair !  
She reigns in this rural retreat,  
For the queen of my being is there.  
I have sought her, all weary and worn,  
Overshadowed by Sorrow's sad night ;  
I have left her all radiant as morn,  
With a spirit exalted and bright.

Oh ! they chide me for loving too well  
The valley, the upland, the wold ;  
But ne'er shall be broken the spell,  
Till they lay me at rest in the mould.  
Too long from this glen I've been roaming—  
In far foreign lands o'er the sea ;

And now, in the still, starry gloaming,  
An angel is waiting for me.

Where the stream of Carlowan is flowing,  
Through speedwell as blue as the skies ;  
Where pansies in clusters are growing,  
I shall live in the light of her eyes.  
As the willow, she's graceful and lithe ;  
Like the chamois, she boundeth along ;  
As the woodlark, her carol is blithe,  
And the echoes exult in her song.

As the moon's pensive splendour, her smile ;  
And her eyes have the glance of the roe ;  
Her wit is unmingled with guile,  
And her accents in melody flow.  
Her steps are as free as the ocean ;  
Her manners are mild as the dove ;  
Her heart is the shrine of devotion ;  
Her bosom the temple of love.

The squirrel, in warm, sunny weather,  
Brings mosses to garnish his hold ;  
With the fresh thoughts she garners together,  
My Ella can never be old !  
As long as my love I remember—  
A dreamy and fanciful child—  
'Twas her rapture, in May or December,  
To wander alone on the wild.

To the rainbow she'd chirrup and speak ;  
Her heart would leap light to the storm ;  
The snowflakes would melt on her cheek,  
'And the chilling north-easter seem warm,

She roams o'er the moorlands and mountains ;  
She feasts on the perfume of flowers ;  
Her spirit drinks bliss from the fountains,  
And draws inspiration from showers.

She walks in the garden of Morning,  
And steals from each blossom a grace ;  
And the sunshine, her pathway adorning,  
Pours the glory of God on her face.  
This vale is henceforward my treasure,  
That cottage my vine-covered cage,  
Where my days shall glide onward in pleasure,  
From youth to the haven of age.

The music of river and rill,  
Of the bower, and the bird, and the bee ;  
The shadows that darken the hill,  
Shall be dear to my darling and me.  
Each hour with its varying pulsation,  
That throbs in the bosom of Time,  
Shall add to our faith elevation,  
And open a vista sublime.

The poor of our valley shall share  
In the portion by Providence given ;  
And thus, on the pathway of prayer,  
We shall pass to the portals of Heaven.  
Where the Tary, through fir-shaded dingle,  
Refreshes the herbage and heath,  
Our dust with the blue-bells shall mingle,  
And rise, like the lilies, from death.



## M U R I E L .

U<sup>21</sup>NDER the Pine trees,  
Muriel, walk with me ;  
Where their tasselled branches pendulous wave,  
Which the pattering rain-drops freshen and lave.  
When the furies of Winter have ceased to rave.  
Green leaflets above,  
Green mosses below,  
Sweet summer caressing wherever we go.  
Under the fragrant Pine trees,  
Lady love, walk with me—  
The curlew's shrill clarion shall sound from the hill,  
The rivulet's carol, the hymn of the rill,  
And the gladness of Nature thy young heart shall fill ;  
Rude crags above,  
Soft vales below,  
Where cataracts foam, where streamlets flow,  
Where junipers bristle, where corn cockles grow ;  
Fresh breezes caressing wherever we go.  
Under the Pine trees,  
Muriel, roam with me ;  
Where the lordly Ravens hoarsely caw,  
And Rooks confab with the querulous Daw,  
The Jay and the Woodpecker hammer and saw ;  
Gray clouds above,  
Brown shadows below,  
Where Orchises blossom, where Asphodels blow ;  
Where high on the ridges of the rocks,  
Saxifrage spreadeth her tawny locks,  
And the blue bell bends on slender stalk,  
With the purple heath bloom on the lone sheep walk,  
Where the landscape beckons us from below,  
Sweet odours caressing wherever we go.

Under the Pine trees,  
Lady bird, walk with me,  
Where the billowy mountains darkly frown,  
To watch the glory of day go down,  
In royal apparel and chrysolite crown.  
The moon above,  
To the deeps below  
Shall softly descend like a ball of snow ;  
Shall glimmer, and shimmer, and quiver, and creep  
On the breast of the stream that is never asleep—  
Shall array my love like a gentle bride  
As she walks like an angel of light by my side.  
Our boat by the sedgy bank we'll row  
In the magical light of the lunar bow,  
Cool riplets caressing wherever we go.  
When gloaming retires to the purple west,  
Should downy plumed sleep fold her wings on thy breast,  
While I murmur the lay thou lovest the best,  
Thou mayst pillow thy head in the Lapwing's nest ;  
And the boom of the Bittern shall soothe thee to rest,  
The chords of my gittern shall faintly reply  
To the voice of the tiny rill trickling nigh,  
My whisper shall answer the wind's low sigh ;  
The night Owl shall flit in silence by,  
And echo respond melodiously.  
Mystery above—  
Mystery below—  
Mystery around us wherever we go ;  
In the dome of the skies, full of twinkling eyes,  
Bright eyes that shrink from the blaze of day,  
But peer out when the sun kneeleth down to pray ;  
Morning and noon, and when light declines,  
I would wander with thee 'neath the shadowy Pines.  
The soft air around should kiss and caress us,  
Should play with thy tresses, and fondle and bless us.

Lady Love mine, when day declines,  
Wilt thou wander with me 'neath the fragrant Pines,  
Where the Osier over the torrent bends,  
And the Alder's dusky fringe descends ;  
Where the Bird Cherry waves its milk-white feather,  
Where reeds and Forget-me-nots bloom together ?  
Hand-in-hand by the rushing river,  
With thee, dear Love, I could roam for ever,  
Where the slender Poplars shudder and shake  
And flutter their leaves in the tremulous lake,  
For ever, and ever, and ever awake.  
A spire above—  
A pillar below—  
On whose pinnacle swingeth old Gaffer Crow  
To and fro, to and fro—swinging for evermore to and fro.  
Like a frigate at sea, or a runaway bee,  
Caressed by the rollicking gales that blow  
From the heavens above  
To the earth below,  
Bringing freshness and beauty wherever they go,  
Till evening o'ertake us beneath the trees,  
As she comes in the arms of the wailing breeze ;  
Brushing the dew with her dusky feet,  
When the tender shadows and darkness meet  
In the lofty Pine woods' dim retreat.  
To feel her heart-stirring pulses beat,  
To make her sweetness trebly sweet.  
Wilt thou walk with me, my gentle Love,  
In the Pine trees' aromatic grove,  
Underneath the starry train  
Scattered abroad like golden grain  
On the plains of the sky,  
Where the merrydancers fly  
With sudden flutter, and flash, and freak,  
Playing at bo-peep, and hide-and-seek ?

Fitful fireworks of the skies,  
Delighting, and dazzling, and mocking our eyes.  
In the deepening shade of the dusky Pine  
Thy fancies shall sparkle and flash to mine,  
And thy spirit in twilight's bewitching hour,  
Entranced—subdued by her mystic power,  
Shall recline on her breast like a sleeping flower.  
From the innermost boughs of the breezy Pine  
The Ringdove's love-note shall answer mine,  
Or shall it be thine, Love? shall it be thine?  
Music above—  
Music below—  
Music delighting, caressing, inviting—  
Music around us wherever we go.  
When fireflies sparkle, when glow-worms glisten,  
To the vows of a lover a lady may listen;  
Beauty above us,  
Beauty below,  
Beauty around us wherever we go.  
Sweet, my darling! when day declines,  
To wander with thee 'neath the dark green Pines,  
When night spreads her wings o'er field and flood,  
And folds each blossom into its bud,  
And the west wind breathes a gentle hush  
Through the fluttering leaves of the hazel bush,  
That breaks not the dream of the sleeping thrush.  
Thou shalt rest thee, my Love, on a mossy seat,  
While I kneel on the turf at thy dainty feet,  
And thy cheek with sweet tell-tale blushes shall glow  
Like Appenine roses on Appenine snow.  
The moon shall gleam on thy netted curls,  
And small white fingers like glimmering pearls;  
And the star of the gloaming that beams above  
Shall look down with a smile on our plighted love.

O ! joy of my heart, with thee to dwell  
 For ever, my gentle Muriel,  
 United for ever, for weal or woe,  
 God's love above us,  
 God's love below,  
 God's love ever round us wherever we go.

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## THE HIGHLAND MAID.

### A SONG.

 H ! sweet the pansy born in spring,  
 Oh ! sweet the rose in simmer weather ;  
 But sweeter far the Highland maid  
 That walks among the purple heather.

Oh ! bonny is the larch in spring,  
 Oh ! braw the broom in simmer weather ;  
 But bonnier far the Highland lad  
 That walks among the purple heather.

Abune thy locks o' glancing gowd  
 Set thou thy velvet cap and feather,  
 Braw lassie, wi' the dark blue een,  
 An' tread wi' me the purple heather.

Abune her locks o' waving gowd  
 She set her velvet cap and feather,  
 The buckle on her tartan plaid,  
 An' trod wi' him the purple heather.

Oh ! canst thou leave thy castle ha'  
 Wi' me to breast life's cauldrie weather ?

She turned on him her smiling een,  
And blithely trod the purple heather.

Prood heir o' hill, and holm, and glen,—  
Oh! canst thou leave thy lordly faither?  
The smile gaed aff her winsome face,  
She sighed among the purple heather.

Oh! highborn leddy o' that ilk,  
Say, canst thou leave thy lady mither?  
Adown her cheeks the tear draps fell,  
She sabbed among the purple heather.

Turn back, turn back, my lady dear,  
Nae mair in life we maun forgather;  
She said, My love and lands are thine,  
Wi' thee I'll tread the purple heather.

Turn back, turn back, my lady sweet,  
Alake! for ye maun wed anither;  
She said, My life and love are thine,  
I'll tread wi' thee the purple heather.

The sun glanced on her gowden hair,  
Her gowden brooch, her eagle's feather;  
The chieftain's daughter, sweet and fair,  
Sae blithely trod the purple heather.

She said, Dear lad, I ne'er will rue;  
Fu' blyde thro' life we'll gang thegither;  
And heart to heart, and hand in hand,  
We'll live among the purple heather.



## THE MARSH MARIGOLD.

 F all the flowers in wood and wold  
Commend me to the marigold—  
She is so lightsome in her dress,  
The sunbeam of the wilderness.  
She dips in rivers running clear,  
And sucks the waters of the weir :  
Where pools are left by winter floods,  
She opens wide her yellow buds.  
On the green trembling marsh her flowers  
Lie scattered thick in starry showers :  
She seeks the runlet's rushy brink,  
Where frogs and water-ouzels drink—  
With yellow saxifrage and gorse  
She gilds the rocky watercourse :  
'Mid water cresses, moss, and reeds,  
She blossoms where the wild duck feeds ;  
By babbling brooks and waterfalls,  
Where globe flowers wet their golden balls :  
By the dark waters of the moat,  
Where swans and water lilies float—  
Where celandines bloomed bright in May,  
She glitters on the sedgy brae,  
And loves to grow in shady spots,  
Beside the blue forget-me-nots.  
O'ershadowed by the tangled brake,  
She sees her image in the lake,  
The lights and shadows flitting by,  
The lovely deep blue summer sky.  
She coins her guineas in the mould,  
And gives the banks her virgin gold—  
She rises from her watery bed,  
The goddess of the fountain-head,

And lends a lustre to the rills  
 That trickle down a thousand hills—  
 So fresh and fair, so still and lone,  
 She blooms where water murmurs on.  
 The butterfly her honey sips,  
 And falls asleep upon her lips :  
 The wild bee nestles in her cup,  
 And drinks the fragrant incense up.  
 I would not mar her cup of gold,  
 Or stain her leaflets fresh and cold ;  
 I would not break her from her stem  
 To deck a prince's diadem.  
 She is a treasure pure and bright,  
 A gleam of joy, a heart's delight !  
 A bud of promise on the wold,  
 The bonny, gay marsh marigold ;  
 And with the beauty of her face  
 Makes glad the solitary place.

---

## THE FISHERMEN.

" When landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep  
 In the tempest's angry moan,  
 We dash through the drift, and sing to the lift  
 Of the wave that bears us on."

SHOUT! shout! thou surging sea!—thy warfare wage,  
 Crash on thy crags, and ripple on thy sand :—  
 Thy mystic melody, that charms mine ear,  
 Would it were given my soul to understand !  
 Thou hast thy battle cry, thy lover's lay,  
 Thy infant's lullaby, thou sounding surge !  
 Thou hast thy grand thanksgiving night and day ;  
 Thy song for life—for death thy funeral dirge.

The Sea ! the Sea ! mark how defiantly  
She hurls her waves on the embattled shore,  
Her legions may not overpass their boundary  
Should this round world roll on for evermore.

They come ! they come ! those everlasting billows,  
In flashing armour—ocean's mail-clad men,  
Where earth's still sentinels stand grimly watching  
To drive the fierce marauders back again.

Advance—retreat for ever, restless ocean,  
Thine is a mighty realm—despotic sway,  
Thy unseen depths with unknown currents blending,  
And heavenward tossing thy refulgent spray.

Chameleon-like, thy hue is ever changing  
From Lapis Lazuli to Emerald green ;  
Now, black as night thy clouded breast is heaving,  
And now, adorned with phosphorescent sheen.

Death rides upon the gale and surging breakers,  
Loud peals of thunder rend the affrighted skies,  
Winds lash the maddened waves to desperation,  
And the veiled sea line mocks the straining eyes.

Don from his mountain fastnesses descending,  
Pours his calm waters in the boiling deep,  
And as in scorn of her unbridled fury,  
Amid the raging turmoil sinks to sleep.

Ah ! fearful hearts beat in the fisher village,  
And hurried footsteps print the yielding sand,  
And sunburnt hands are wrung with agony  
For those who sailed at morn, a hopeful band !

Descending shades beheld the crew returning,  
Their cockle shells all battered, bruised, and rent,  
Three—them no more fond lips shall kiss with tenderness,  
And man's deep sob with woman's wail is bent.

For lo ! the tide, impetuously advancing,  
Bears a dead form upon its feathery foam ;  
Cries of despair that drown'd the roar of ocean,  
Such, youthful Ranald, is thy welcome home.

Oh ! then outspake an aged fisherman,  
His beard white as the frothy wool  
That the storm king shears from his sea-born flocks,  
And spreads out to bleach on the rifted rocks.

Ay ! there's mony a lugger in ocean's bed,  
That has danced on the rippling faem,  
And there's mony a boatie has gaily sped,  
That has never mair come hame.

Ay ! the sea-maw will screich to the skirling blast,  
As she rocks on the crudled brine,  
And flap her blue wings on the broken mast,  
As it drifts on the dark sea line.

Gif the new-born day hoists a crimson flag  
Of his wrath, I rede ye beware,  
He'll cripple yer craft on a cruel crag,  
And he'll grip like a Greenland bear.

Ay ! the ocean will murn like a cushie doo,  
Like a sucking lammie she'll bleat,  
Like a winsome woman she'll smile on you,  
And oh ! but her smile is sweet.

Like a trodden adder she'll bite you sair,  
 And aye when ye least expect—  
 She'll smoor ye deep in her gruesome lair,  
 And shatter the sharded wreck.

Ay ! they wha will sail when the eastern sky  
 Is red as the robin's breast—  
 When the sun gaes doon, and the wild winds die,  
 Shall be drowned in the purple west.

---

## D E A T H .

“ A step to the bed, and a step to the bier,  
 A step to the charnel, and then—oh ! where ? ”

**R**EAD conqueror of the human race,  
 Knight of the sable plume,  
 Cold, pale, and changeless is thy face,  
 Ambassador of doom.

Thy habitation is the grave,  
 Narrow, and dark, and lone ;  
 Thou dost not hear the wild winds rave  
 O'er thy memorial stone.

O'er thee Spring's early violets weep,  
 Her virgin lilies blow ;  
 O'er thee her first-born daisies peep  
 From Winter's deathlike snow.

The glazing eye, the wasted form,  
 The sigh of parting breath,  
 The bier, the coffin, and the worm—  
 These are thy symbols, Death.

When life's fleet pulse beats strong and true,  
When buoyant health is ours,  
When happiness, like morning dew,  
Rests on our summer flowers,

Descends, oh ! Death, thy dismal pall,  
To shroud our cheerful day ;  
We see, through tears that vainly fall,  
Our idols turn to clay.

Earth is one mighty catacomb  
Where'er our footsteps tread,  
And from the cradle to the tomb  
We stumble on the dead.

Grim King of Terrors, work thy will,  
The charnel house supply ;  
Mortality its grave must fill,  
Each living thing must die.

Where lives the man by thee forgot,  
That shall not feel thy power ?  
Thy hand unties the strongest knot  
And breaks the fairest flower.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,  
Thy baleful weapons wield,  
On thy pale horse, armed cap-a-pie,  
The world thy battle-field !

Thy footfall hath no sound of earth,  
Thou wear'st thy visor down ;  
Thy shadow rests on every hearth,  
Thou king with iron crown !

Soon will thy feet ascend the stair,  
Thy fingers press the latch,  
Let each his wedding garb prepare,  
And wait ! and work ! and watch !

---

## EVE DESCENDETH.

“ The day becomes more solemn and serene  
When noon is past.”

DAY retreateth to the west,  
On his glowing couch to rest,  
Folding twilight to her breast—  
Eve descendeth.

Ere the sun's retiring beam  
Glimmers in the wimpling stream,  
Like a soft angelic dream—  
Eve descendeth.

Daylight winds are hushed and still,  
Slumbering on each dewy hill ;  
Calmer thoughts our bosoms fill—  
Eve descendeth.

Duly with the darkening air,  
Clasp the folded hands in prayer,  
Moonbeams in her dusky hair—  
Eve descendeth.

From the realms of light afar,  
Home of many a glittering star,  
Pensive in her shadowy car—  
Eve descendeth.

Every lovely flower that grows  
 Doth its dewy eyelids close ;  
 Nature seeks her sweet repose—  
     Eve descendeth.

Mark the speedy flight of Time,  
 Hear the clock's incessant chime ;  
 Soon, too soon, on manhood's prime  
     Eve descendeth.

Ebon locks will turn to gray,  
 Youth's fair dream must pass away—  
 Prelude of an endless day—  
     Eve descendeth.

Golden sunshine, farewell now,  
 Faintly tinge each drooping bough ;—  
 Starry diamonds on her brow—  
     Eve descendeth.

Deeper now the shadows fall,  
 Night, descending as a pall,  
 Shroudeth our terrestrial ball—  
     Daylight endeth.

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## WINTER HAS TAKEN WING.

“ I could have half believed I heard  
 The leaves and blossoms growing.”

**W**ARTH, bring thy buds to light !  
**W**inter has taken wing !  
 Long in his dreary night  
     Have they been slumbering !

Dandle thy darlings first,  
Drops of the drifted snow ;  
Then bid thy crocus burst,  
Thy polyanthus blow !  
Beckon the skies above  
For their reviving showers,—  
For gleams of sunny love  
To warm thy infant flowers !

Softly thy verdure spreads,  
Fast falls the fitful rain,  
Trees wave their leafy heads—  
Cuckoo is come again !

Dressed in their colours rare,  
Purple, red, blue, and gold,  
Bring forth thy children fair  
From out the humid mould !  
Blossoms in cover,  
Awakening, are speaking ;  
Brown hills all over  
Grey curlews are shrieking ;  
Larks to the morning star  
Trill their glad roundelay ;  
Love drives his airy car,  
Drawn by a vernal fay,  
Springs tussilago now  
By every watercourse ;  
Where mountain globe-flowers glow,  
Bright blooms thy yellow gorse.

Dainty wee violet,  
Hide in the hedges !  
Marigold, in the wet,  
Shine by the sedges !

Spread o'er each bosky bae,  
Gay broom, thy golden fleece !  
Where the flocks nibbling stray,  
Cackle, ye grazing geese !

All thy bleak upland tracts  
Border with mosses,  
Where each mad cataract  
Its white foam tosses.  
Where roving rivers rush,  
Wagtails bow, beck, and swing ;  
Under the alder bush  
The ouzel dips his wing.  
Eddies curl, purl, and twirl  
Round rocks where lichens grow ;  
Torrents, with whisk and whirl,  
Dive in the deeps below.  
Red-spotted trout arise,  
Snap at the swimming fly ;  
Black eel, where thick mud lies,  
Slide away silently.  
Shadows gloom, sunshine gleam,  
Commingle, dart, and play  
Over the rippling stream—  
Swift follow night and day !

Bird of the moor and fen,  
Plover ! thy plaintive wail,  
Far o'er the lonely glen,  
Floats on the flying gale.  
Peewee ! peewee ! peewee !  
Where the clear rill gushes,  
Show me thy eggs, Peewee,  
Green as the bulrushes !

O'er peat moss, green morass,  
Lure me with wildering cry,  
Where 'mid the quaking grass  
Flasheth the dragon-fly.  
Peewee! peewee! peewee!  
Calm thy poor troubled breast!  
Peewee! peewee! peewee!  
I will not harm thy nest.

Stonechats are chattering,  
Hurriedly flitting by;  
Jackdaws are clattering  
Far in the clear blue sky!  
Fresh breezes rollicking  
To and fro, everywhere,  
With sunbeams frolicking,  
Frisk through the balmy air.

Rainbow, 'twixt sun and shower,  
Bridge o'er the dappled sky!  
Cloudlet, like snow-white tower,  
Flit, flit for ever by!  
Swallows, skim; cattle, low;  
Sheep, to your lammies baa!  
Sower, go forth to sow!  
Build, rook; and nestle, jay!

Each tiny blade of grass  
Gleams like a treasure;  
Primroses, as I pass,  
Thrill me with pleasure.  
On every mountain brow,  
In every deep ravine,  
Fragments of Winter's snow  
Show where his feet have been.

From every flowery lea  
    Shrill, merry voices sound ;  
Cowslip balls, tossed in glee,  
    From cherry cheeks rebound !  
Childhood and Innocence  
    Sport in the arms of Spring ;  
Soon must she speed from hence,  
    Chased by the Summer King !

    Baby eyes, baby lips,  
    Silken locks glancing,  
    Dimpled hands, rosy tips,  
    Baby buds dancing !

Young and old, on the sward  
    Join hands—a jocund ring ;  
Hope tunes her harpsichord,  
    Dance the blithe dance of Spring !  
Tomtit, Wren, Lintiewhite,  
    Birds of each feather,  
Fay, Brownie, Elfin, Sprite,  
    All dance together !

Kiss me, ye butterflies,  
    King-cups caressing !  
April, in farewell sighs,  
    Give me thy blessing.



## THE APRIL BEE.

“April has come ! with her silver dew,  
And the shout in her woods of the lone cuckoo ;  
The bee is loading his tiny feet,  
With every rich and various sweet.”

IT was a wild bee met me in the fields at break of day,  
An April bee, in many-coloured coat and buskins grey ;  
A humble bee,  
Proud of his scarlet and purple and orange livery ;  
A hungry bee,  
That feasted right royally  
On the white sugary blossoms of the cherry tree ;  
A grateful bee, that o'er wet, bright mosses skimmed,  
And dipped in them, and to the sky his glad thanksgiving hymned ;  
A thirsty bee, that from each downy tasselled sprig and spray  
Sipped the sweet falling drops of dew and boomed away.  
Soft air blowing,  
Fresh green things growing,  
Young coral shoots glowing,  
Among herbs and germs delicate,  
I heard this wild bee tune his flageolet,  
I saw him steal the perfume of the violet ;  
With beat of drum and twang of clarionet,  
I saw him settle on the jonquil's coronet.  
He kissed the cowslip's opening hazel eyes,  
And whispered soft things to the anemones.  
I saw him over the rippling rivulet swing,  
And to the lilac's white and purple grape-like clusters cling.  
I heard his peal of bells in the pink and pearly apple blossoms ring.  
I saw him with his gold-powdered fringes stir  
The silver lace and spangled tissue of the gossamer ;  
And he sang his little song to her—

The flower of my love—  
In the purple beechen grove ;  
Carrying the kiss of a daffodil  
To her window-sill ;  
In whom all sweet flowers meet,  
Sweetest where all are sweet.  
Within her window,  
Shaded by netted curtains white as snow, .  
I saw hyacinths—a jewelled row—  
Turquoise, topaz, ruby, sapphire, and amethyst glow.  
To her with the sweet violet eyes he murmured low—  
Come, Ellen ; come where the soft winds blow ;  
To her with the sweet violet eyes—  
Arise, Ellen ; to see the sun, arise—  
Buzzing, droning, humming.  
Thus to her he did sing :  
With the birds in the brake,  
Ellen, awake, awake !  
Flushed with the rose of sleep,  
From thy lattice peep.  
For thee the lily her white satin banner unfurls,  
For thee, unlocks her alabaster casket of gold-dust and pearls.  
For thee, the yellow of the buttercup, and the violet's blue,  
Sparkle with dew.  
Bee orchises arise for thee on every grassy knoll,  
And green lady's mantle opens wide for thee, her spangled parasol.  
Oh, thou with the deep blue, dreaming eyes,  
Sweet, from sweet dreams arise !  
Oh, thou with smiling dimples in thy cheeks,  
Where young love dwells,  
Come where the soft wind softly speaks  
To the purple bells ;  
Come, with thy fresh, red lips,  
Sip where the wild bee sips ;

Flushed with the rose of sleep,  
From thy lattice peep.  
While yet the air is dark,  
Greet the glad lark.  
In silken sheen  
Of tender green  
Come forth to the woodlands, thou garden queen,  
Where thy sister violets purple the dells,  
And the strawberry's white roses embroider the cool, clear wells.  
Thou of the lily brow and rosebud lips,  
Come, sip where the bee sips ;  
For thee the shining ladybirds shall wear their coloured spots,  
For thee the moors and marshes bloom with blue forget-me-nots ;  
For thee the money spider his finest web shall spin  
On the willowherb, and meadow sweet, and orange-blossomed whin.  
And the grasses shall be greener where thy fairy feet shall tread,  
*hee* And for thee the cranberries' ivory blooms shall blush a rosier red,  
For the steel-blue dragonflies shall flash beside the springs,  
And the butterflies shall show the flowers the pictures on their wings.  
Thrice at the lattice of my sweet,  
With his tiny feet,  
Caressingly—caressingly,  
Tapped the little April bee,  
In his scarlet and orange livery,  
And thus sang he;  
Gleefully, gleefully,  
Caressingly, caressingly :  
Open thy deep blue eyes,  
Ellen ! awake ! arise !  
Flushed with the rose of sleep,  
From thy lattice peep ;  
By the heart's-ease blossoming  
Waits for thee thy young heart's king.  
In silken sheen

Of tender green,  
 Come forth in thy beauty, thou woodland queen ;  
 With fresh, red lips,  
 Sip where the wild bee sips.

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### THE OLD FIR TREE IN GLEN LOGIE.

THOU fir tree grey and old,  
 Three giant stems uniting into one ;  
 Above, thy dark fringed branches manifold  
 Stretch upward toward the sun.  
 The Eddicat runs by,  
 Dimmed by the solemn twilight of thy dome ;  
 There shall four winds in hollow murmurs die,  
 While seasons go and come.  
 The wan moon lieth low  
 On thy black bending plumes, engrailed with white ;  
 In the dark Eddicat her silver bow  
 Gleams in the gloom of night.  
 The Eddicat runs still,  
 Deep in its mossy cleft, for ever on—  
 Far from its frozen fountain on the hill,  
 Where flowers lie dead and gone.  
 Bleak winter winds do shake  
 Thy burnished boughs that in the blast bewail—  
 Thy stalwart arms they shall not bend nor break,  
 Struck by the strongest gale.  
 Like an old stag thou art in life's decay,  
 With shrunken sinews, antlers worn and grey ;  
 Grim patriarch of the herd, that sinks beneath  
 The weight of years upon his native heath.  
 When birds sang sweet and clear  
 Within thy shadowy spire, the cushat's home,

By Eddicat's brown waters wimpling near,  
I've seen the red deer roam.  
Beneath thy cone-crowned boughs,  
Thy mossy bole has been my summer seat,  
When bluebells blossomed on the grassy knowes,  
Where Logie murmurs sweet.  
Sweet, solitary Glen !  
Massed with dark pinewoods each empurpled steep,  
Mantled with freshest ferns thy dewy den,  
Where willows wave and weep.  
Thick belts of rushes green,  
Marsh marigolds of brightest orange hue,  
Soft scarlet mosses deck the deep ravine  
The Eddicat runs through.  
There little heather birds  
Shake the sweet purple bells with dusky wings,  
There the soft lowing of the Highland herds  
Sounds sweet by babbling springs.  
Oh ! silver shining mere,  
In the green corrie of thy Grampian hill,  
Glen Logie's waving woodlands yet more dear,  
Would I were with ye still !  
The snow shall melt away,  
The Eddicat shall burst his icy chains,  
And thou, old fir, shalt feel the kiss of May  
Thrill through thy knotted veins.  
Beneath thy covert sweet,  
The water ouzels dip, the plovers wail ;  
There in the gloaming lads and lasses meet  
To tell the tender tale.  
Thou fir tree grey and old,  
Cumbered by winter's diadem of snow,  
Long mayst thou wear sweet summer's crown of gold,  
While seasons come and go.

## DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

"The knights are dust,  
Their good swords are rust,  
But their souls are with the saints we trust."

THE strife of elements around thee swelling,  
Rise gray Dunnottar from the seagirt shore ;  
Thy lonely turrets now the curlew's dwelling ;  
And ivy clings where banners waved of yore ;  
No more thy batteries on the cliffs resounding  
Shall hold besieging enemies at bay ;  
But on thy rugged sides the breakers bounding,  
High o'er thy bulwarks cast their dazzling spray.  
Where Keith, Earl Marischal, in state abiding,  
Ruled in thy halls from tower to donjon keep,  
Stern desolation evermore residing,  
Hushed by the murmuring billow sinks to sleep.  
Here, where the gallant gay to tuneful measure  
Led the grave minuet with his high-born fair,  
And time flew past, entwined with golden pleasure,—  
Now wild flowers open to the summer air.  
He who thy battlements so well defended—  
Brave Ogilvy, with all his valiant band—  
Not in oblivion's tomb his fame has ended,—  
His lasting monument thy ruins stand.  
Sweep winds of heaven around the hoary pile,  
With force tumultuous drive the rushing wave  
'Mid echoing clamour thro' each time-worn aisle,  
Or softly whisper in the ocean cave.  
In silent eloquence of days gone by  
Speak to each gazer as he lingers near ;  
With former splendours fill his mental eye,—  
Portcullis, habergeon, and glittering spear.

The past, thy storied record bids us cherish,—  
 The present, views thee with admiring eye ;  
 Futurity may see thy ruins perish,—  
 On history's page thy name can never die.  
 Dunnottar—fair Kincardine's pride and boast—  
 To later ages show thy front sublime ;  
 In waning grandeur crown her rocky coast,—  
 A hoary lock upon the brow of time.

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### LOCH NA CORP.

This poem is founded on fact. Loch na Corp means "The Lake of the Bodies," from the circumstance of so many being drowned at one time in it. Ben Ledi, in *Gaelic*, means "The Hill of God."

A HIGHLANDER was dead,  
 They bore him to his rest,  
 When winter snow was spread  
 Upon the mountain's breast.

They bore him to his rest,  
 Across the untrodden snow ;  
 They scaled the mountain's crest,  
 They stemmed the torrent's flow.

A hundred men and more,  
 With sorrow on each face,  
 Their solemn burthen bore  
 Towards its resting-place.

A hundred men and more,  
 The hardest of the clan,  
 Their silent brother bore—  
 His kinsmen led the van.

Rose to the troubled sky,  
From hoary hill and heath,  
A wild and woeful cry—  
The coronach of death !

Gone is the wise, the just,  
Fallen is a stately tree,  
Dust has returned to dust—  
Ochhon ! ochonori !

The wise, the kind, the just,  
Glenfinlas long shall mourn ;  
Dust has returned to dust—  
MacNab shall ne'er return.

Silent are home and hearth,  
Closed is the cottage door,  
Mute is the voice of mirth—  
MacNab returns no more.

And in the river's moan,  
And in the torrent's roar,  
Was heard a dying groan—  
He shall return—no more.

With calm and steadfast pace,  
Their snowy path they trod,  
And left their footsteps' trace  
Upon the hill of God.

Through Leny's wooded pass  
No sunshine cheered their way ;  
The pools were still as glass,  
And ice-bound every spray.

The rugged steep they clomb,  
They crossed the deep defile,  
To gain their island tomb,  
Far distant many a mile.

*Lavers*

Ben Ledi guards that strath,  
For ever crowned with snow,  
Torn by the tempest's wrath,  
Spanned by the mystic bow.

Where the dark pine trees wave,  
Girt by the Dochart's foam,  
Unto his clansmen's grave,  
There shall each clansman come.

On went the mourning band  
O'er moor and dale and hill,  
Till by a lonely strand  
They stood a moment still.

"Cross," cried the son, "our weight  
The frozen loch will bear ;"  
They followed to their fate,  
And found a burial there.

They followed where he led,  
In haste to reach the town ;  
The living and the dead  
In one great crash went down !

In Loch na Corp they lie,  
And there they take their rest,  
Lulled by the wind's low sigh  
That rocks the wild dove's nest.

## QUEEN MAB TO THE FAIRIES.

“Come, now a roundel and a fairy song !”

FOLLOW me, follow me, over the river ;  
Dive in the depth of the foxglove's bell ;  
Dance in the glade where the aspens shiver ;  
Sip the sweet dew of the wax-lined cell.  
Over, across, and within the river,  
Gallop and prance on the moonlight beam ;  
Gather the rays in each tiny quiver,  
Elves of the mountain, lake, valley, and stream.  
Follow me, follow me, fairies of grove and glen.  
Over green bracken, and cool wimpling burn ;  
Chase wily Will-o'-Wisp over the reedy fen,  
Laden with heath from the moorland return.  
Follow me, follow me, down in the deep ravine,  
Where the dark fir trees are twisted and hoar ;  
Where rugged rocks o'er the white foaming torrent lean,  
Deaf to the sound of the cataract's roar.  
Bring me red berries from off the fair rowan tree,  
Ere the wild birds make its treasures their own ;  
Drive the fierce wasp from the hive of the humble bee,  
Steal the wren's eggs from her moss-covered throne.  
Woo the sweet echoes from out each dim vaulted cave,  
Where crystal pendants like icicles shine.  
Frisk o'er the rainbow ridge—ride on the restless wave,  
Smooth the rough plumes of the bonnetted pine.  
Weave the fine gossamer spread o'er the meadows,  
Tissue of silver, meet dress for a Fay ;  
Glance in the sunbeams, and hide in the shadows,  
Noon, sultry noon, to the greenwoods away !

Follow me, follow me, into the leafy bowers,  
 Lovers of sun, moon, stars, midnight, and dawn ;  
 Scarce can we frolic and feast thro' its golden hours,  
 Brief as an April shower—summer is gone !

---

THE OWL.

“ Welcome bat and owlet gray,  
 Too-whit—Too-whoo.”

WL of the hollow tree,  
 Speaking mysteriously,  
 When the moon's phantom light  
 Makes my dim chamber bright :  
 Swooping on velvet wing  
 Like some unearthly thing ;  
 Owl of the hollow tree,  
 What saith thy voice to me ?

Owl of the ivy bush,  
 Unlike the lark and thrush  
 Lovers of cheerful day—  
 Seizing at night thy prey,  
 When darkness, calm, and still  
 Creeps over dale and hill,  
 When nature whispers, Hush !  
 Owl of the ivy bush.

Owl of the hazel eye—  
 Plumage of russet dye ;  
 O, thou mouse-hunting fowl  
 Choosing by night to prowl,

Or with the bat at play,  
Flitting through twilight gray,  
When green leaves rustling sigh—  
Bird of the hazel eye.

When at my window pane,  
Foliage like pattering rain,  
In never-ceasing showers,  
Taps through long midnight hours ;  
On the dark air afloat,  
Soundeth thy dreamy note,  
While thoughts of joy and pain  
Pass through my wakeful brain.

In the lone churchyard ground,  
Over each swelling mound,  
From each black dismal yew  
Comes thy too-whit too-whoo ;  
And from the ruined cell,  
Where abbots wont to dwell—  
Where once the chant and prayer  
Thrilled thro' the listening air.

Owl of the ivy tree,  
Of antique pedigree ;  
If thou art wise indeed,  
As was of old decreed ;  
To me in counsel show  
How life's dark hours of woe  
May bring unfading light,  
Bird of the silent night ?

Then, from a dead man's grave,  
The Owl this counsel gave ;

"Darkness is light to me.  
 If light be dark in thee ;  
 Seek for the living light ;  
 Follow its beams aright ;  
 In sorrow's dreary hour,  
 When brooding tempests lower,

Faith's ever-gleaming star  
 Points to bright realms afar ;  
 As every diamond ray  
 Fades into dawning gray,  
 So shall the midnight gloom  
 Of th' unfathomed tomb  
 Change to the glory, born  
 Of an eternal morn."

---

## MY HIGHLAND HOME.

IF little birds do build their nests in Spring,  
 Were it not good I built myself an house,  
 And furnished it throughout with everything,  
 And lived therein as quiet as a mouse,  
 And had my pleasure grounds, my shady bowers,  
 My garden where the sun-rays hottest fall,  
 My grass and gravel walks, my fruits and flowers,  
 My beehives ranged against the brown brick wall ;  
 My orchard, hedge enclosed, where May should bring  
 Her blossoms pink and white, her warbling band ;  
 My brooklet, bubbling from a crystal spring ;  
 My mossy moor, my cultivated land ;  
 My tufted elms, where rooks should build and fight ;  
 My breezy uplands, gay with furze and thyme ;

My meadows lying low, with cowslips bright ;  
 My lordly cedar, and my branching lime ;  
 My hencot, cheerful with the cackling kind ;  
 My flocks of geese that graze along the meres ;  
 My rustic trellised seat with mosses lined ;  
 My Dandy Dinmonts with long pointed ears ;  
 My Angus doddies on the Breckan brae ;  
 My black-faced Cheviots by the dancing rills ;  
 My shaggy shalts, my Highland herds that stray  
 In the green corries of the Grampian hills ;  
 My sloping lawn that dips into a loch,  
 Where a still river leaps with sudden brawl ;  
 My boat half hidden by a siller sauch,  
 Where a green island breaks a waterfall ;  
 My friends shall freely come and freely go,  
 But one I love shall still with me abide—  
 With me shall blithely brave the frost and snow,  
 And be the blessing of my ain fireside.  
 In my dear Highland glen, my home and hold,  
 My seed I'll sow, my harvest I shall reap ;  
 And when my song is sung—my tale is told,  
 Among the heather bells I'll go to sleep.

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### THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

" Years o'er his snowy head have passed,  
 And left him of his race the last."

**T** WAS balmy June : soft air fanned fluttering leaves, and all  
 The land was gay with summer's festival ;  
 Wild birds rejoiced, clear streams rang merrily,  
 And many-coloured flowers in sweetest fragrancy  
 Gave thanks to their Creator silently.

In the dim covert of the grove,  
Bewailed the mourning dove.  
'Twas joyous June,  
Long past the sultry hour of noon :  
In a green glade,  
Where linden boughs o'erarch'd, and lent a sweet, refreshing shade,  
And the sun's arrows, dipped in gold,  
Pierced every leafy banner's fold,  
And glowed, and glanced,  
And with the flickering shadows danced—  
There came alone,  
With faltering, feeble step, and mournful moan,  
And wandering, vacant look, all woe-begone,  
Weary, and weak, and wan,  
An aged man,  
Changed and subdued by Time's destroying power,  
And wasting hour by hour ;  
Sorrow had stamped her signet on his face,  
And suffering held him in her dread embrace.  
The river rippled nigh,  
The green leaves rustled pleasantly,  
Murmured the honey bee,  
And o'er the lea  
Came the soft sighing of the distant sea.  
The old man leant his staff upon the ground,  
And gazed around ;  
Then, with a sigh profound,  
He beat his breast and said—  
Would God my days were numberèd,  
And I were laid amid the mould,  
For I am very old.  
Sorrow hath touched me,—on my brow the trace  
Of her cold fingers Time can ne'er efface ;—  
My hair is white  
With many a weeping day and wakeful night.

My spring, my summer, and my autumn fled,  
All who loved me, all whom I loved, are dead.  
My winter lingers long  
Cold hearts among ;  
Death cometh late.  
At the grave's gate  
I watch and wait,  
All desolate.  
Among leaves dead and sere.  
I knock, and knock, and knock—Death will not hear.  
In vain I wait and watch,  
I may not lift the latch.  
On every side the young and happy fall,  
But me he shrouds not in his funeral pall.  
My heart beats faintly in my aching breast,  
I long for rest.  
As water wears the stones away,  
So doth my life decay.  
Fourscore and ten ! weary of life, I live ;  
An old man's murmurings, pitying Heaven forgive.  
Soon may my heavy eyelids close,  
Soon may I find oblivion for my woes  
In the last long repose.  
My spirit grieves  
To hear no more the rustling of the leaves ;  
For ever mute for me  
The hum of early bee  
The wild bird's minstrelsy,  
The streamlet's rippling song.  
My winter lingers long,—  
Mine eyes can scarce discern bird, flower, or tree ;—  
The pleasant gifts of God have passed from me.  
Fain would I cease in this cold world to be,  
It smiles no more on me.

The God who made me knows my low estate,  
Feeble, forlorn, unloved, and desolate ;  
An old, old man, changed and subdued by Time's enfeebling power,  
Weary, and worn, and wasting hour by hour.  
When I shall cease in this sad world to be,  
Who will remember me ?  
Deep in a churchyard, where the willows bend,  
Long, long ago, was laid my latest friend.  
Oh, noble heart ! Oh, mild, benignant brow !  
Friend of my soul, where is thy angel now ?  
(He said) ; then, groaning in his spirit, wept,  
And, resting on a mossy bank, he slept.  
Sweet sang the birds and breeze in every tree,  
In June's sweet roses sweetly sang the bee,  
The river murmured pleasantly,  
And o'er the lea  
Came the soft sighing of the surging sea.  
The old man slept—no sound his spirit stirred,  
A heavenly calm fell on his soul—he heard  
Nor hum of bee, nor song of bird,  
Nor river murmuring pleasantly,  
Nor o'er the lea  
The plaintive sighing of the distant sea.  
With hope, and perfect love that casteth out all fear,  
In his deep sleep he saw one drawing near—  
A radiant hand  
Parted the leafy boughs—and by his side he saw <sup>an</sup> angel stand,  
His latest living friend !  
No longer desolate, his grief was at an end.  
The flowers bloomed fair beneath the angel's feet,  
His smile, ineffable, was calm and sweet,  
From the bright land no mortal eye can see,  
To soothe his friend, he came in majesty,  
With soft compassion in his tender voice,  
He whispered, " Weep no more ; rejoice, rejoice."

When the sun sets in yonder sea,  
Where I am, thou shalt be."  
Sweet voices in the air  
Breathed a low, solemn prayer.  
In glory died the sun,  
The day was done.  
In the dim hours,  
Beneath the drooping bowers,  
Evening with drops of dew embalmed her flowers.  
Deeper the shadows fell on vale and wood,  
And night, descending, veiled the solitude.  
Darker and darker shadows round him crept,  
And still the old man slept.  
Under a linden tree  
They found him sleeping peacefully,  
No more to wake  
Till the eternal morning break.  
The moonbeams glistened on his thin white hair,  
As a celestial glory resting there.  
On his pale face Death's cold caress  
Had fixed a smile of happiness ;  
As though his murmurings were forgiven  
By pitying Heaven.  
The river murmured pleasantly,  
The nightingale sang to the stars ; and o'er the lea  
Came the soft sighing of the surging sea ;  
And the fair moon  
Shrouded with silvery light the woods of June.



## LOOK TO THE END.

**L**OOK to the end, and work, and wait—  
 God's goodness never comes too late ;  
 The hill of life is hard to climb—  
 We stumble on the rocks of Time ;  
 But can we faint upon the road  
 While leaning on the arm of God ?  
 He will the sighing, sinking soul sustain,  
 Both with the early and the latter rain ;  
 His tender love He freely gives to all—  
 " His mills grind slow, but grind exceeding small !"  
 Look to the end, and work, and wait—  
 God's mercy never comes too late ;  
 Worn by the weight of misery,  
 Poor, wearied pilgrims bow the knee,  
 And pray to God for strength to bear  
 Your dole of wretchedness and care.  
 Such seed you sow, such harvest you shall reap ;  
 For so God giveth His beloved sleep.  
 His soft compassion He bestows on all—  
 " His mills grind slow, but grind exceeding small !"

Look to the end, and work, and wait—  
 God's justice never comes too late ;  
 In life's great battle all must fight,  
 But few shall keep their armour bright ;  
 And some shall win this world's renown,  
 And some shall lose their Heavenly crown.  
 God prospers those who work and watch and wait ;  
 His judgments come, and never come too late,  
 The dew of Love and Hope he sheds on all—  
 " His mills grind slow, but grind exceeding small !"

## MORAL COURAGE.

“Moral courage is the greatest of all virtues either in a man or woman.”

A MAN may be both wise and brave,  
Yet he may be a very slave,  
Bent down by every passing storm,  
And trodden on like any worm.

A man may be both kind and just,  
Yet he may break a solemn trust—  
Be blinded, burdened, and beguiled,  
And checked and chidden like a child.

A man may be both proud and high,  
Yet he may stoop to tell a lie ;  
And, in deceptive colours decked,  
Lose all his noble self-respect.

A man may be of stalwart limb,  
Yet other men may mock at him  
When they behold his wavering mind,  
Tossed to and fro with every wind.

A man may be both good and wise,  
Yet he may see with others' eyes ;  
Like other freemen, may be free,  
Yet lose his joyful liberty.

A man may be as true as steel,  
Yet he may feel as others feel—  
With as much ease be broke and bent  
As any leaden implement.

A man may be a learned lord,  
Yet he may break his plighted word—  
May follow Ahab's wicked plan,  
And be a knave—because he can.

A man may be endowed with sense,  
With talent, skill, and eloquence,  
To shine as scholar, statesman, poet,  
And yet the world may never know it.

A man may be both firm and kind,  
Yet governed by a lower mind,  
And led by every mean device  
Through every shallow artifice.

A man may be both good and true,  
Yet he may do as others do ;  
In abject fear of scorn and strife,  
May lead a sore and saddened life.

A man may be both frank and free,  
Yet master of hypocrisy ;  
Though truest friendship he pretend,  
Oh ! never make that man your friend.

A man may be of lofty birth,  
Yet he may be of little worth ;  
Each man and woman, if they knew it,  
Have work to do, and time to do it.

That such a man would but come forth,  
And show the world his real worth ;  
The gold with which his heart is stored,  
And throw the refuse overboard !

Be strong of heart, and stout and bold,  
 Nor let his mind be bought and sold ;  
 But firm in what he knows is right,  
 Come forth and conquer in the fight.

A man may sit upon a throne,  
 Yet not be brave to hold his own ;  
 The want of moral courage is  
 The ruin of our energies.

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## THE RAVINE.

“ From out the cavern'd rock  
 In living rills a gushing fountain broke.”

**H**AIL ! fairy scene ! Hail ! beautiful ravine !  
**F**ringed with dark firs whose verdure softly gleams  
 On the steep banks in closely serried ranks,  
 Casting a glamour on the rushing streams.  
 Hail ! granite rocks that brave the tempest's shocks,  
 Ye hoary cairns with fern and heather crowned.  
 Hail ! mossy stones that hear the torrent's moans  
 Oft times in stormy gales and thunder drowned.

Hail ! pensive solitude ! beatitude !  
 If hours were days, here would I linger still,  
 To hear the cataract rave, to view the fir trees wave  
 To watch the shadows on yon distant hill.  
 But is this solitude ? Where Nature's voice,  
 Her kiss, her soft caress, the dreamer bless—  
 Impart a sacred joy unknown to crowds,  
 And fill his soul with Heaven-born happiness.

Hail ! fairy scene ! Hail ! picturesque ravine !  
 In honeysuckle sweet thy rifts are drest ;  
 There polished ivy clings, or wildly flings  
 His outstretched arms to seek some kindred breast.  
 There is no guile in Nature's artless smile,  
 Pure innocence and health her brow adorn ;  
 And may each rolling year that woos her presence here  
 Bestow new charms for ages yet unborn.

---

T E A R S.

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,  
 So like the dewdrop on the rose."

**M**AN was to suffer born,  
 His every smile attended by a tear.  
 Has not each lovely rose its piercing thorn ?  
 Each hope its fear ?

Heralds of mortal strife,  
 Companions of his childhood's laughing hours ;  
 In the fair garden of youth's transient life,  
 Dew on its flowers.

How bright in Beauty's eye  
 The glance of love that soul to soul endears ;  
 But dearer to the heart than smile or sigh  
 Her trickling tears.

How beautiful they shine !  
 Gems of compassion, gratitude, and love.  
 Upon such tears the light of grace divine  
 Beams from above.

Joy calls them forth, and smiles

To see misfortune's children called her own ;  
Scarce can she lure them with seductive wiles  
Ere she is gone.

Salt as the ocean wave,

Uplifted by the sobbing sea of grief,  
Swept by the gales of time, that ceaseless rave,  
They bring relief.

Into the eye they start,

Borne to that shore by feelings' varying tide ;  
Or in the secret chamber of the heart  
In ambush hide.

Who has not shed a tear ?

Who has not wept o'er a memorial stone ?  
Answer sad echoes of this dying sphere,  
In groan for groan !

As from the summer sky

Fall woman's tears in drops of gentle rain ;  
While man's stern heart for very misery  
Is rent in twain.

On hallowed ground they fell

Beside the sepulchre, where Lazarus slept ;  
There, did Emmanuel's breast with anguish swell,  
There, Jesus wept !

A crown of thorns He wore ;

His sacred flesh by rugged nails was torn ;  
Ere He was crucified His cross He bore,  
A mark for scorn !



Each one his cross must bear  
Like Him, nor seek to lay the burthen down ;—  
Like Him must strive in agonising prayer ;—  
Must wear *that* crown.

Brief are our troubles here,  
To noble minds unworthy of a sigh ;  
Soon will a tender Saviour wipe the tear  
From every eye.

He sanctifies each tear  
That flows in chastened anguish for the dead :  
Oh, Rachel ! weeping o'er thine infant's bier,  
Be comforted.

Through Christ's subduing power  
Hearts, hard as rocks, refreshing streams distil,—  
Rejoicing spirits catch the sacred shower,  
Heaven's founts to fill.

Repentant sinner kneel,  
Raise unto Heaven thy sorrow-streaming eyes ;  
The precious drops adown thy cheeks that steal  
Archangels prize !

Oh ! lead us with Thy Hand,  
Almighty Father, through the circling years,  
Unto Thy bright, unseen, immortal land—  
Unknown to tears.



## WISE COUNSEL.

"Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions and a will resigned."

 H! tell me not of vain regret,  
Of unavailing sorrow ;  
In time, we may be happy yet—  
We may be blest to-morrow.  
Oh! tell me not of cold neglect,  
Of fretting cares corroding,  
Of anxious times, of hopes shipwrecked.  
Of tears and sighs foreboding.  
Oh! tell me not of dire despair,  
And gloomy discontent :  
Our skies may yet prove bright and fair.  
And sunny days be lent.  
Life's gold is mingled with alloy,  
And rust consumes its treasure ;  
We yet may feel the touch of joy,  
And have a taste of pleasure.  
The bliss in life we most desire  
Is mostly ever wanting—  
The son inherits, like the sire,  
A weary spirit haunting.  
A Mordecai at every gate  
From morn to night is sitting—  
A skeleton, decreed by fate,  
Through every chamber flitting.  
In every cold, unfeeling breast,  
Ingratitude residing,  
The conscience feels—a troubled guest—  
No happiness abiding.

The guileless heart, the noble soul,  
That never knew deceit,  
Shall win the race, shall gain the goal,  
And find the bitter sweet.  
Oh ! let us all be fair and just—  
Upright in our relations ;  
For when our bodies turn to dust,  
There will be revelations !  
Yea ! when the last dread trump shall sound,  
O'er earth in ashes falling,  
Repentance will too late be found—  
Time will be past recalling.  
Let us be happy while we may,  
Our souls in peace possessing,  
And live content from day to day,  
So time shall prove a blessing.  
And when this life shall end in death,  
And broken is its fetter,  
We'll cheerfully resign our breath,  
And go to something better.  
Our griefs are scarcely worth a tear,  
Our joys are ever wasting—  
The finest fruits we gather here  
Are hardly worth the tasting.  
We stand between the quick and dead,  
Upon this earth revolving—  
A solemn riddle, still unread,  
We're very slow in solving.  
The cord that binds us to this earth,  
A moment may dis sever,  
Then we shall know what life was worth,  
What is the grand for ever !  
Ah me ! the bodies that we prize,  
In the cold grave shall wither ;

Ah me ! the soul that never dies  
 Will go—we know not whither !  
 But far removed from cares and wars,  
 Of earth's vain triumphs telling,  
 We know the just will shine like stars  
 Within their Father's dwelling.  
 Let every heart receive the dove,  
 And turn adrift the raven ;  
 And, guided by the hand of love,  
 So shall we reach the haven.  
 Then tell me not of vain regret,  
 Of unavailing sorrow ;  
 In time, we may be happy yet—  
 We may be blest to-morrow.

---

S H E .

“ I may not paint her thousand nameless charms,  
 Unconscious fascination undesigned !”

§ HE has a pair of sparkling eyes,  
 ¶ Twin violets dipped in dew,  
 Where roguish mirth in ambush lies  
 Amid the bonny blue ;

A brow pure as the lily's bell,  
 A rose on either cheek ;  
 Smiles in each lovely dimple dwell,  
 And play at “ hide-and-seek ;”

A ruby mouth, Dan Cupid's bow,  
 Inlaid with precious pearls ;  
 A bosom white as drifted snow,  
 A crown of golden curls.

*She* rises with the dewy dawn,  
To breathe the balmy air ;  
The snowdrop springing on the lawn  
Was never half so fair.

With lightsome feet *she* climbs the hills,  
To feel the wind's caress ;  
In broomy braes, in rippling rills,  
Her soul finds happiness.

To the mute questions of the flowers  
*She* answers pleasant words,  
Like whispering leaves in summer hours,  
Like music of the birds.

*She* is a quaint and quiet Fay ;  
*She* haunts the shady nooks ;  
*She* loves to meet the dying day  
Beside the murmuring brooks.

The silent, solemn hours of night  
Her gentle spirit please ;  
*She* walks, an angel robed in white,  
Among the moonlit trees.

The artless queen of winning ways,  
Her very faults are charms ;  
You chide, you bless, you blame, you praise,  
You clasp her in your arms.

Oh ! born beneath a happy star  
Is he her heart shall win,  
For whom *she* leaves the gates ajar,  
Who knocks, and enters in,

## TO A LITTLE MOUNTAIN RILL.

"It quivers down the hill,  
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will."

TINKLE, tinkle, limpid rill,  
Fringed with reeds and fern;  
Emerald moss thy drops distil  
In thy stony urn;  
Silence loves thy lone retreat,  
Tender verdure cool and sweet;  
Chattering, babbling at my feet,  
In thy vase of grass and fern,  
Tinkle, tinkle, Highland burn.

Shelving banks conceal thy face,  
Buttercups and thistles tall,  
In thy never-ending race  
From the cavern's rocky hall;  
Like a calm and virtuous mind  
To the ills of life resigned,  
Blest and blessing, good and kind;  
Little streamlet, mountain fed,  
Tinkle in thy moss-lined bed.

Sunshine seeks thee in thy nest,  
Moonbeams on thy lap repose;  
Roses lean upon thy breast,  
While thy silvery current flows;  
Summer warblers love thy shade,  
Yellow autumn tints thy glade;  
Winter binds thy bright cascade;  
Spring that decks the greenwood tree  
Comes to give thee liberty.

Laughing, sparkling in thy den,  
 Friend of man, in beauty bright ;  
 Far removed from daily ken,  
     Dressed in robes of gleaming white ;  
 Many a flower to cheer thy lot  
 Hast thou in this lovely spot—  
 Bluebell and forget-me-not ;  
     Lily of the heath-crowned hill,  
 Soft, refreshing tinkling rill.

Glittering tear in Nature's eye,  
 Never may thy source run dry ;  
 Pearl upon her bosom set,  
     Diamond in her coronet ;  
 Evermore with varying sheen  
 In thy cloak of living green,  
 'Neath the alder's sheltering screen,  
     In this dim secluded dell,  
 Tinkle like a silver bell.

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### THE SUMMER SHOWER.

§ WEET Summer's sparkling shower is o'er,  
 § Walk forth in grove and field :  
 If Nature's charms were sweet before,  
     What incense *now* they yield.

From every tiny blade of grass  
     Soft breezes sweep the rain ;  
 And Day, in Nature's looking-glass,  
     Admires herself again.

Through waving boughs what freshness blows,  
What fragrance fills the air ;  
Each tender flower that Nature knows,  
In grief looks doubly fair.

Their petals, washed in trickling rain,  
Refreshing sweets exhale—  
Alike in hedgerow, moor, and lane,  
And cultivated vale.

Green Lady's Mantle, one by one,  
Unfurls her dewy leaves ;  
The golden goblet of the sun  
Each crystal drop receives.

'Neath tufted elm and towering oak  
The fallow deer recline ;  
The frogs amid the marshes croak,  
And sip their sedgy wine.

Each bird rejoicing plumes his wing,  
And chants a roundelay ;  
With notes of joy the woodlands ring,  
The silver fountains play.

Each spangled web the spider weaves,  
He spreadeth out to dry ;  
Forth from the woodbine's honied eaves  
Flit bee and butterfly.

Laugh, rivers, laugh ; and gaily run  
Through many a greenwood bower,  
Exulting in the glittering sun,  
In summer's genial shower.

The fleecy cloud that gave it birth  
Is lost in ether blue ;  
And Phœbus on reviving earth  
Bestows his beams anew.

The falling drops his glowing gleam  
Gives back with playful wiles ;  
O'er hill and valley, lake and stream,  
The Bow of Promise smiles.

What priceless gems of earth can vie,  
Though ne'er so rich and rare,  
With God's memorial in the sky,  
His jewelled arch of air !

On every mountain scattered mist  
Now scuds before the gale ;  
A rosy fringe, by sunshine kissed,  
Adorns each flying sail.

Ecstatic songs from rivers rise,  
Praise from the rustling grove ;  
Glad hallelujahs fill the skies—  
Creation's Hymn of Love !

Sweet summer's sparkling shower is o'er ;  
Walk forth in dale and field :  
If Nature's charms were sweet before,  
What incense *now* they yield.



## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

 OD save ye, merry gentlefolk ; all on a Winter's morn,  
 Our blessèd Saviour, Christ the Lord, in Bethlehem was born.  
 We bring ye Hollyberries red, and Juniper, and Bay,  
 Come with us sing to Christ our King a joyful roundelay ;  
 Here's Lauristenns, Fir-tree boughs, and wreaths of Mistletoe,  
 Come with us sing to Christ our King, who saves our souls from woe.

On our Saviour's natal day,  
 Let us glad thanksgivings pay ;  
 Cast away our crowns of pride,  
 Lay our tarnished robes aside,  
 In humility be drest  
 At this grand triumphant feast ;  
 Let us all in fancy's night,  
 Watch on Bethlehem's Plains to-night.  
 Listen to the song sublime  
 Echoing on the shores of time ;  
 Let us join the ecstatic strain—  
 Peace on earth, goodwill towards men !

Hail ! the bright prophet star  
 In the purple heavens afar,  
 Render homage to our King,  
 With the Magi worshipping.  
 View the virgin meek and mild,  
 In the manger with her child,  
 Fold him to her gentle breast,  
 Hush him in her arms to rest,  
 Murmuring sweetest lullabies  
 To the Ruler of the skies,

Stilling all His cries and tears,  
Soothing all His mortal fears ;  
Pure of heart, unstained by guile,  
Smiling to her infant's smile,  
With a fond unwearying care  
Tending God's immortal heir,  
Gentle as a brooding dove,  
Blessing Him with mother's love.  
See them on Judea's hills,  
Wander by the sparkling rills  
Where the shepherds guide their flocks,  
In the shadow of the rocks ;  
Walking in the Pine-tree glade,  
Resting in the Olive shade,  
Where the rose of Sharon blows,  
Where the silver Kedron flows,  
In the flower-bespangled dells,  
Gathering starry Asphodels.  
In the lily-blossomed vales  
Listening to the nightingales.  
See the virgin meek and mild  
Bending o'er her God and Child,  
While she guards Him with her hand,  
Ponders on the promised land ;  
Dwelling with the Eternal Word,  
Feels within her soul the sword.

Let us all in fancy's might,  
Watch in Bethlehem's Plains to-night,  
Listen to the song sublime  
Echoing on the shores of time ;  
Let us join the ecstatic strain—

Peace on earth, goodwill towards men !

Listen to the angelic voices swelling in the Courts of Heaven,  
Unto us a Child is born—unto us a Son is given.

Cast away our crowns of pride,  
 Lay our tarnished robes aside ;  
 In humility be drest  
 At this great and glorious Feast.

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## MY MOUNTAIN RESTING-PLACE.

" Far up in the mountains lie cloudlets like snow ;  
 O, were I but yonder, 'tis there I must go."

**H** ! I would rest among the hills :  
 Above my peaceful grave  
 Should bracken flourish gaily green,  
 Should purple heather wave.  
 And every flower I loved in life,  
 That seeks the mountain air,  
 And wafts its fragrance on the breeze,  
 Should sweetly blossom there.  
 There, whinstones, weather-stained and gray,  
 Should mark the swelling mound,  
 And show the traveller on his way  
 The consecrated ground.  
 A scarlet berried rowan tree  
 Beside my lowly rest,  
 With rustling leaves, should sing the dirge  
 That nature loves the best.  
 The white stemmed birch and graceful larch  
 The spot should linger near ;  
 The moorland gale, with dewdrops wet,  
 Should shed her fragrant tear.  
 There, with the earliest, faintest streak  
 Of soft approaching dawn,

The doe should bring, with startled step,  
Her timid, bounding fawn.  
The noontide hour, with golden gleam,  
Should cheer my last repose,  
With every wind that sweeps the lea,  
And shakes the new-blown rose.  
The evening shades, with faces veiled,  
Should near my couch attend,  
In solemn conclave whisper there  
Of me, their buried friend.  
Majestic midnight, looking down  
From out the curtained sky,  
Should o'er me spread her dusky wings,  
Her glorious canopy.  
The silver moon, though mute, should speak,  
The golden stars reply ;  
"Though in the earth her relics sleep,  
She lives beyond the sky."

---

### THE SUMMER EVENING.

"Lo ! where thy meek-eyed train attend,  
Queen of the solemn thought descend."

THIS sweet, when whispering winds are low,  
While shades of evening fall,  
Beside a river's murmuring flow,  
Tinged by the sun's declining glow,  
To mark the latest lingering light  
That ushers in the summer night,  
Where pine trees and their shadows tall  
Are waving to and fro.

Ere crystal globules of the dew  
Refresh the drooping flowers ;  
While violets of cerulean blue,  
With sister sweets of every hue  
Close their bright eyes, till morning's ray  
Unlocks the golden gates of day :  
Sweet to beguile the pensive hours,  
And sigh a fond adieu.

The owl with plaintive note shall charm,  
When all around is still,  
The moon, pale goddess of the sky,  
To meet the night shall wander by ;  
Through interlacing leaves shall peep,  
And smile to see her children sleep.  
The voice of eve my heart shall thrill,  
And soothe each vain alarm.

My voice shall echo hers, and rise  
To eloquence sublime ;  
And she shall answer gentle words,  
Melodious as the songs of birds :  
With magic power her fading light  
Shall make the dim horizon bright,  
And gild the wings of time  
With thoughts that make us wise.

---

### THE DYING WIFE.

**T**ENDERLY, tenderly, speak to her tenderly ;  
Death lays his icy-cold hand on her brow.  
Tenderly, tenderly, care for her tenderly ;  
Life's sunny day-dreams are vanishing now.

Tenderly, tenderly, evermore tenderly  
Smooth the dark hair once so glossy and bright.  
Tenderly, tenderly kiss her, and gently sigh ;  
Evening's soft shadows are wearing to night.

Tenderly, tenderly soothe her a little while,  
Calm all her fears with a tender caress ;  
Tenderly, tenderly, sweetly in pity smile,  
Tenderly fondle, and tenderly bless.  
Deeper and deeper the shadows fall over her ;  
Oh ! leave her not, let her die on your breast.  
Speak to her, comfort her, kindly bend over her,  
Soon will her faint throbbing heart be at rest.

Clinging to thee with that fond heart for ever,  
Tenderly, tenderly, here, while she may ;  
All that is earthly the death-pang will sever,  
All that is earthly is wearing away.  
Long have you wandered in life's sunny meadows,  
Long have you gathered its fruits and its flowers—  
Now she descends to the Valley of Shadows,  
Vacant and vain seem its perishing hours.

Hush her and soothe her—oh ! tenderly, tenderly ;  
Forms she beholds that have long passed away,  
Gliding around her so solemnly, silently ;  
Pray for her fervently, tenderly pray.  
Voices she hears ! 'Tis the dead ; they are calling her !  
Voices that still to her bosom are dear ;  
Tenderly, tenderly, nowise appalling her—  
From those she loves she has nothing to fear.

Fain would she linger with thee, her beloved one :  
God wills it not—to His will be resigned.

Lift her up, let her once more see the setting sun ;  
 Lay her down softly, she's breathless and blind.  
 Glorified spirits are waiting to welcome her,  
 Sorrow and darkness for ever are past ;  
 Christ to His bosom is folding her tenderly,  
 Day on the mountains is dawning at last !

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GOOD, BETTER, BEST.

“ The bright sun is tasting the dew on the Thyme ;  
 A glad maiden's liting an old bridal rhyme ;  
 Oh, come ! for the lily is white on the lea ;  
 Oh, come ! for the wood doves are pair'd on the tree.”

THREE bridemaids, in a green glade made golden by the sun,  
 Gathering the bluebells ere they fade, one by one,  
 Wild with freedom, wild with frolic, wild with fun ;  
 To the throstle's winsome lay  
 The blackbird lent his cadence—  
 Gather bright bluebells while ye may,  
 Oh ! blithe maidens.

A forester strode by, with a love smile on his face—  
 A hunter bold, in green array, and all for the chase :  
 Save ye, my merry lasses three, God grant ye grace.  
 To his greeting, glad and gay,  
 The cuckoo lent his cadence—  
 Gather bright bluebells while ye may,  
 Oh ! fine maidens.

He has ta'en the eldest maiden by the milk-white hand :  
 I love ye, my bonny dear, the dearest in the land ;  
 Ye shall have a yeoman's household, and a yeoman to command,

To her pretty yea and nay  
The robin lent his cadence—  
Gather bright bluebells while ye may,  
Oh ! braw maidens.

Two bridemaids in a green glade, made yellow by the sun,  
Gathering the bluebells ere they fade, one by one,  
Wild with freedom, wild with frolic, wild with fun.  
To the laverock's leesome lay  
The woodlark lent his cadence—  
Gather bright bluebells while ye may,  
Oh ! gay maidens.

A cavalier rode past, with a love look in his eyes ;  
A soldier from the battlefield, with honour for his prize :  
Fair damosels, my guerdon be your loving smiles and sighs.  
To the music of his lay  
The curlew lent his cadence—  
Gather bright bluebells while ye may,  
Oh ! bright maidens.

He has ta'en the second maiden by the grass-green sleeve,  
He has raised her to his saddlebow, with a kiss and by your leave :  
With my coronet, dear lady mine, my heart's dear love receive.  
To her low-lispèd aye  
The linnet lent his cadence—  
Gather bright bluebells while ye may,  
Oh ! brave maidens.

One bridemaiden, in a green glade, made silvery by the moon ;  
Gathering bluebells as they fade ; ah ! how soon !  
On her fair face a calmer light, a holier light than noon.  
To the nightingale's fond lay  
The cushat lent his cadence—

Gather bright bluebells while ye may,  
Oh ! rare maidens.

King Death stalked through the shadowy, moonlit glade,  
And come with me through yon churchyard gate, maiden, he softly said ;  
And the gentle maiden looked on his face, and was not afraid.  
To the river's lulling lay  
The west wind lent its cadence—  
Gather bright bluebells while ye may,  
Oh ! sweet maidens.

And King Death has ta'en the maiden on to his pale, pale horse,  
From out the drooping bluebells, and from out the dewy gorse,  
And the stars of heaven looked silent down upon her lifeless corse  
To the watchdog's mournful bay,  
The curfew lent its cadence,—  
Gather bright bluebells while ye may,  
Oh ! fair maidens.

---

P E A C E.

IN that the mind be blest with Peace ;  
It is a greater boon  
Than all the raptures that this life can give,  
Which fly away so soon.  
The spirit that incessantly doth crave  
For this world's store,  
Is like unto the still expectant grave  
That gapes for evermore.

They who will ne'er be satisfied,  
Have but a weary time

Pursuing phantoms that before them flit ;  
They cannot strive to climb,  
They grovel in the dust with outspread arms,  
To grasp their prey ;  
Racked by suspicious fears and false alarms,  
No peace of mind have they.

Ye triflers, wasting precious time  
By pleasure's turbid spring,  
It shall be yours to feel amidst her flowers  
Her scorpion's fiery sting.  
Your hearts shall wither in one sickly round  
Of paltry cares ;  
Your weary spirits shall be caught and bound  
In shallow painted snares.

Ye noble oncs borne down by fate,  
That bravely struggle on—  
That work, and wait, and watch, and weep—  
The night will soon be gone.  
In your true hearts sweet peace shall fold her wings  
And find a nest ;  
And in the sunshine of the King of kings  
Your hearts shall be at rest.

How blessed is the holy balm  
That through the spirit steals—  
The sweet, consoling, heavenly calm,  
God to the just reveals.  
Soon shall their weeping eyes shed tears no more,  
Their trouble cease ;  
And they shall pass through death's mysterious door,  
Into His perfect peace.

## GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

MORNING STARS together sang,  
When the earth from chaos sprang ;  
Cherubim and Seraphim,  
Swelled the Jubilation Hymn.  
Angels watching o'er creation,  
Ushered in this hallowed morn,  
When the Prince of our salvation,  
Our Emanuel was born.  
From eternity descending,  
By the universe adored,  
Mortal with immortal blending,  
Came the Everlasting Lord.  
Gratefully, triumphantly chant we this auspicious morn,  
Unto us a child is given, unto us a son is born.

See the virgin mother kneeling,  
With the Saviour on her breast,  
Hark ! the angelic anthem pealing,  
God in flesh made manifest.  
Glory, glory in the highest !  
Heaven and earth resound the strain,  
Ho ! Zion in the dust that liest,  
Thy Redeemer comes to reign.  
Greet the long expected stranger,  
Branch of Jesse's regal stem,  
Cradled in a lowly manger,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem !  
Lo ! to worship and adore Him,  
Led by His refulgent star,  
Eastern Magi bow before Him,  
Bring Him offerings from afar.

Myrrh foretelling tribulation,  
 Gold the riches of His grace,  
 Frankincense, the restoration  
 Of the fallen human race.

Humble Shepherds watch His pillow,  
 Oxen low beside His bed—  
 He must tread the raging billow,  
 Have no where to lay His head.—  
 Oh ! beatitude celestial !  
 Holy, harmless, undefiled,  
 In the arms of love terrestrial,  
 Slumbers God's immortal child !—  
 Trinity in unity,—  
 Taking on Him man's estate,  
 Finite Being, Deity !  
 Mortal and immaculate !  
 He who liveth evermore,  
 Born for us, for us to die !  
 Jesu's name let us adore,  
 Ever sing triumphantly,  
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Peace on earth, goodwill to men ;  
 Zion in the dust that liest, thy Messiah comes to reign,  
 Gratefully, exultingly chant we this auspicious morn,  
 Unto us a child is given, unto us a son is born.

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## COME, LOVELY ROSE.

" Rose Komm der Frühling schwindet  
 Veilchen haben dich verkundet."

 OME, lovely Rose, sweet Spring retires,  
 And summer lights the genial fires,  
 Which tint thy opening bloom,

Or rosy red, or dressed in snow ;  
Thy variegated charms bestow  
Thy delicate perfume.

Come, lovely Rose, thy blossoms wave  
O'er many a humble violet's grave  
Who died and gave no sign—  
Just lived to bless thee, Rose of May,  
Then passed in odorous breath away  
To mix her sighs with thine.

Come, lovely Rose, in beauty grace  
The gay parterre—a fitting place  
For Flora's painted queen ;  
There, crowned with sunshine, rule the flowers,  
Sport with the sultry summer hours  
In majesty serene.

O'er thee, sweet Rose, 'mid gloomy fears,  
Cool midnight shed his glittering tears,  
Frail diamonds of the skies ;  
Thy rankling thorns he wept to see ;  
Bright smiles of morn he promised thee,  
His wooing butterflies.

Though soon, alas ! thou lovely Rose,  
Thy evanescent life must close ;  
Thou canst not die to me,  
Each gathered petal shall remain  
Memorials of thy transient reign,  
And vanished summers live again  
Amid their fragrantcy.

## RIVER MUSINGS.

"Winding at its own sweet will."

WHITE pebbles on thy shore,  
 Thou gleaming river !  
 Green alders on thy banks—enamelled flowers ;  
 We to detain thee,  
 Make a vain endeavour,  
 Kiss, glance, and smile are ours,  
 Thou giv'st no more.

High mountains on thee gaze :  
 Blue skies above thee ;  
 Red sun, white moon, gray clouds alternate dwell  
 Deep in thy bosom ;  
 Ah ! inconstant rover,  
 Warbling one sweet farewell  
 Thro' nights and days.

"Improve each passing hour,"  
 And, like the river,  
 Do thou, O man ! speed on thy destin'd way ;  
 Thou may'st not linger,  
 For, behold ! the ocean  
 Roars for her destined prey—  
 Her mortal dower.

The river's flow, how fair ;  
 How sweet its wanderings ;  
 The stream of Time may be as beauteous too,  
 Through gloomy shadows,  
 Fading beams of pleasure,  
 Seek we the good and true,  
 The life immortal there.

## WINTER MUSINGS IN BLAIR ATHOLE.

“ Far lone among the Hielan’ hills,  
 ‘Midst Nature’s wildest grandeur,  
 Thro’ snowy dens and icy glens  
 Wi’ weary steps I wander.”

 N the path above the river,  
 Pacing up and pacing down,  
 Where the Grampian hills for ever  
 O’er Blair Athole darkly frown ;  
 Where the winds in fitful numbers  
 Whisper to the frozen streams ;  
 Where each tuneless wild bird slumbers,  
 There my soul in silence dreams.  
 Long the bees have ceased their humming,  
 Flowers have vanished from the path—  
 Winter’s freezing hand benumbing  
 Scatters snowflakes on the Strath.  
 When the shades of night are creeping,  
 And a glow is in the west,  
 And the stars o’er Tulloch peeping,  
 Sparkle on the Garry’s breast ;  
 When the moon, in chastened splendour,  
 Shining over green Craigowre.  
 Sees the pure translucent Fender  
 In the Tilt its torrents pour.  
 On the path above the river,  
 Pacing, pacing to and fro,  
 Where the fir-trees green for ever  
 Feel the breeze from Ben-y-Gloe.  
 Musing, musing, deeply musing,  
 Over sad and solemn things,  
 Sweets that perished in the using—  
 Bitter thoughts that memory rings.

When the song of day is over  
And the hymn of night begins,  
When the misty vapours hover  
O'er the foaming, flashing linns ;  
When o'er Lude's high holms and meadows,  
Reddened by the sunset's ray,  
Gloaming folds her dusky shadows,  
Purple curtains fringed with grey ;  
Where the deep, dark Tummel rushes  
O'er his bed of granite stone,  
And the sun with rosy flushes  
Paints the peaks of Farragòn ;  
Where the hoary branches shiver  
When the moon is cold and pale ;  
When black ice gleams on the river,  
And the rain-drops freeze to hail ;  
Where the winds their wailing numbers  
Whisper to the leafless thorns ;  
Where each tuneless wild bird slumbers,  
There my soul in silence mourns.  
There the lordly castle glimmers,  
Girt by many an ancient pine ;  
There the rippling Benvie shimmers  
In the flickering cold moonshine.  
To the brig of Tilt I wander,  
O'er the path with snowflakes white,  
On life's mysteries I ponder  
In the silence of the night ;  
While the winter battle rages  
Over corrie, cliff, and scaur.  
Where the storms have swept for ages  
On the ridge of old Balmore.  
When the night falls dark and chilly  
On the old house grey and weird,

In the chambers, dim and stilly,  
Voices of the dead are heard ;  
In the solemn midnight watches  
Ghostly feet ascend the stairs,  
Ghostly fingers lift the latches,  
Phantom figures throng the chairs.  
Winds, the snow-capped larch trees rending,  
Sweep the streamlet's frozen marge ;  
Birken bowers and alders bending  
Fringe the braes of Tomenrage.  
Fairy land of sweet romances,  
Wild ravines, and crumbling towers,  
Light my heart within me dances  
Musing on thy summer hours ;  
Home of many a noble Moray,  
Gallant Graeme, and Stuart bold ;  
Scene of many a feud and foray  
In the daring days of old.  
Down the bonny braes descending  
To Fincastle's lonely glen,  
I have seen the lark ascending,  
Lilting from the dewy den ;  
June there spreads her fairest treasures,  
Crowns with ferns the mossy dells ;  
July brings her ~~blowing~~ pleasures ;  
August brings her heather bells.  
There, where April gave her blessing,  
Strewed her buds and blossoms gay—  
Withered leaves my feet are pressing;  
Dull remembrancers of May.  
Winter wars among the mountains,  
Shouts above the lonely cairns,  
Seals the babbling brooks and fountains,  
Fights among the faded ferns ;

*Glenroy*

On the Brig of Tilt I wander,  
 Shrouded by the snowflakes white,  
 Many a mystery I ponder,  
 In the silence of the night.  
 Life is bright with smiles and laughter ;  
 Life is dark with groans and tears ;  
 To the land of the hereafter  
 Pass we through the mist of years.  
 Would my thoughts could find expression,  
 Hidden deep within my breast ;  
 There to move in dim procession,  
 Till I enter into rest.  
 On the pathway, pacing, dreaming,  
 'Neath the pine trees dark and tall,  
 Where, thro' branches interlacing,  
 Soft and fair the moonbeams fall.

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### ON "NED," A FAVOURITE DOG.

" Nor chirrup, sign, nor look of mine,  
 From under the greenwood bough ;  
 With bark and bound and frolic round  
 Shall bring him now."

**B**LACK is his coat ; white are his chest and paws ;  
 Long are his silky ears, sharp are his claws ;  
 Round are his eyes ; with yellow orbs like owls ;  
 With deprecating grin, bashful he scowls.  
 Upon his snowy mouth are dots like flies ;  
 Tawny his velvet cheeks ; spots o'er his eyes ;  
 A rise upon his head high lineage shows ;  
 Milk-white the vest he wears ; jet black his nose.  
 Upon a roebuck's skin he soundly sleeps ;  
 Within the house at night good watch he keeps ;

Though ever like his race averse to cats,  
 He never injures them, but kills the rats ;  
 By curs attacked he turns upon his foe,  
 Nor quits the combat till he lays him low ;  
 Quaint and peculiar in his ways is he,  
 Speaks in the canine tongue with fluency.  
 A more engaging dog you ne'er could see,  
 Full of affection and sagacity ;  
 By all the inmates of the house caressed,  
 Loving them all, he loves his master best ;  
 His written praises you have kindly read,  
 Would you the hero see ? Come hither, " Ned ! "

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## EFFIE CUNNINGHAME.

### ENGLISH STRANGER AND SHEPHERD.

#### *Stranger speaks—*

**H**IS is indeed a wild romantic glen,  
 Well graced with streamlet, forest, rock, and fell ;  
 A calm secluded spot for quiet age  
 To rest in, after life's harassing cares ;  
 A haven for the remnant of his days,  
 Ere on his twilight death's long night descends,  
 And hides him from the world. There is a charm  
 About this solitude—a holy calm,  
 That heavenward lifts the careworn, burdened soul,  
 And whispers hopes of everlasting rest.  
 The mountains are God's altars ; in old time  
 His glory He revealed on their high cliffs,  
 And sent His mandates forth—even now I feel

Upon these lofty heights that God is near ;  
And here His angels might commune with man.  
Rude stones with moss and lichen overgrown  
Lie scattered round, where plumèd fern  
Waves in the wind, where many coloured flowers  
For shelter meet, and to the pure keen air  
Their sweetness lend ; the greensward soft and fine  
(By nature tended ; sown by her fair hands,  
And by her fair hands mown), as I have seen  
In cultured parks round many a princely home ;  
Here Solitude and Beauty to the sky  
Offer their mingled homage silently.  
Good Shepherd, say, where we now stand was there  
A cottage once ? No, sure it is too lonesome  
And too wild, and far—too far remote  
From life's enlivening hum and homely stir  
For human habitation.  
The gnarlèd mountain ash, all bent and seared,  
That crowns yon crag in solitary state  
(Guardian of desolation and decay)  
Hath a weird look ; and could it speak, methinks  
It might some strange mysterious tale unfold,  
That would impress and touch both young and old.

*Shepherd speaks—*

Aweel ! aweel ! it might do so indeed.  
Your honour speaks like ony prentid buke.  
Oor minister has tell't me mony a time,  
Ilk bosky brae and wee bit wimplin burn  
Hae words o' consolation and advice,  
And meanings deep, could we but fathom them.  
God's still, small voice is heard on craig and fell,  
And precious sermons in the heather bell.

The sun shines gay an' hot. An't please ye rest  
Upon this whinstane, underneath this tree,  
I'll tell a curious thing that happened here—  
So strange that ane wad hardly think it true,  
And no miraculous in ony sense,  
But just a vera special Providence.

O she was lonely on this lonely hill,  
For mony a day, puir Effie Cunninghame!  
Her honest parents dwelt on Deveron side,  
Close by the brawling stream. How happy she  
Their only child—a thriving, bonny bairn,  
The danted darling of their cottage home.  
Upon its banks to womanhood she grew,  
And syne took service at the Lammas fair;  
Her parents grieved to part, but cottar's bairns  
To win their bread, maun soon gae to the fremd.  
Oh! mony a pang that doth the feelings shake,  
We maun smoor doon, although the heart sud break.

So she became a servant; lang it were,  
And tedious too, her early life to trace.  
Upon this vera spot—her ingleside  
That ance burnt bright—I've heard her dowie tale,  
Wi' flichterin' voice, sad sighs, and watery e'en,  
O' mony a chance and change in her young days.  
Her wee drap tea and cake, she pressed me aye,  
Wi' richt gude will, to share, and weel I wat  
She was a kindly soul, and mair than a',  
Gratefu' for kindness shown her, though but sma'.  
To cheer her up a wee, I'd try a joke,  
And gie her a' the clashes o' the glen;  
Shakin' the ashes frae my pipe, I'd say,  
It's plain to see ye'd been a bonnie lass,

An' had a feck o' wooers in your day.  
She'd smile to please me, *that* I brawly saw,—  
A dowie smile just like a cauldrie mune,  
And then the saut tears would come drappin' doon  
Her withered cheek, unkentlike by hersel' :  
Her thoughts war in the past or wi' the dead ;—  
I held my whisht, and quietly slipt awa'.  
Some folk she served were gude to her, some no,—  
The auld warld way, frae Adam's time till noo.  
But mony mercies had she mixed wi' cares,  
Till she at last became a blythesome bride.  
Her gudeman was a drover frae the north,  
A canny lad, and skeely amang beasts ;  
Weel kent for honest dealing at the Trysts,  
Frae Bonar Brig, as far's the Tarnty Muir.  
Wi' his first savings he had leased a croft,  
A wee bit biggin—cozy but-an'-ben ;  
And there fu' canty and content they lived,  
While time went by owre quickly weel I ween.  
There on the knowes, how braw the heather bells  
How gowden yellow smiled the bonny broom ;  
How sweetly 'mang the birks and hazel shaw,  
Ilk lintie sang, ilk speckled thrush replied  
In blithesome spring.—'Mid simmer's scented thyme,  
Amang the daisies, filling the clear air  
Wi' guileless mirth, sported their bairnies three :  
How gleesome there her blue-eyed Mysie played  
Wi' dark-haired Willie ; blighted in their morn,  
And laid by death wi' laughing baby May,  
(Sweet withered blossoms), 'neath the mountain flowers.—  
Misfortunes ne'er come single, as maist ken :  
Her Jamie wasted neist in deep decline,  
Twa weary days he'd wandered i' the snaw,  
And frae that time the strong man failed and dwined ;

Ae morn, or ere she wist, he was awa'.—  
Puir Effie then was dowie, wan, and wae,  
And, oh ! fu' fain had laid her doon to dee ;  
Cauld was her heart as ony granite stane,  
She bud to face the weary warld her lane.  
Her kinsfolk i' the south were dead and gane,  
In Huntly kirkyard sleeping side by side ;  
And she, like till a sheep new shorn in March,  
Turned on the waste to dree the inclement blast  
And dreeping rain, far frae the sheltering fauld.  
Eneuch till noo she'd had to spend and spare ;  
Maist folk thocht Jamie had been weel to do,  
But at his death his widow's means were sma' ;  
Some heartless rogues denied the debts they awed,  
Some fled, some failed, and a'thing gaed to wrack,  
An' ne'er a freen' to lend a helping hand,  
Till she was roupit oot o' stook an' sta'.  
Aboot the kintra side they gied her wark,  
And sair she toiled to win her daily bread,  
Till mony a year had gane, and youth had fled,  
And 'neath her mutch there gleamed the siller hair.  
Her wee bit cot was taen atour her head  
To be a bothy for Kilspindie's farm,  
And syne she flitted to the shealing here.  
I mind 't as weel as gin it were yestreen,  
When first she cam' to won on this hill brae ;  
She helpit in the hairst rigs round aboot,  
As guid a heuk as ever shore a thrave ;  
A pleasant bodie, eident at her wark,  
And wissin a' the neebours to obleege,  
Wi' aye a couthie word to young and auld.  
It seemed to me she wrought and toiled sae sair,  
To keep awa' sad thochts o' bygone days.  
Aft hae I watched her wading through the snaw.

In dark December's ouch and stormy e'en,  
To her lone bield upon this craggy cairn,  
Where passed the dreary remnant o' her days,  
Until she travelled to eternity.

Ye'll mind the fearsome winter forty-five,  
That smooored the sheep and froze our rapid streams ?  
It was a struggle e'en to gang atour,  
To lift the taties or fess in the neeps.  
The storm dang on as it would ne'er deval,  
For three lang weeks we couldna see the sky ;  
The earth was white as new-born lammie's fleece,  
And yet nae signs o' a foregathering thaw.—  
Deed, we're but selfish creatures at the best ;  
My pipe I lunted at my chimley cheek  
In my warm cosie bield,—A' that was mine—  
Weel fended, cared for, thoughtless o' the rest :  
Sudden ! the gudewife cried, " Preserve us a',  
I doot puir Widow Effie's dreed her wierd.  
In her wee shealing far ayont the toon,  
She couldna lang endure without a fire,  
Or needfu' food within that gruesome cell :  
And she, puir saul ! sae feckless, auld, and dune."  
Ye might hae felled me wi' your finger, Sir,  
Sae vex't was I at my forgetfulness.  
(May be nae waur than ithers after a' ;)  
Doun dashed my pipe—my sturdy rung I seized  
" Shusie, I'll gang—owre late it mayna be  
To seek and save, if such the wull o' God ;  
And dinna you be feared for me, I'm strang,  
Yon cauld-rife snaw will never be my grave."

Aweel, to cut a langsome story short,  
Wi' Rab the miller o'er the pathless waste,

A fearsome wilderness, I forced my way.  
 Forefoughten sair, or ere the spot we gained ;  
 Nought of the shealing saw we but the lum  
 And this auld roden tree, to guide our steps.  
 Aboon the roof the frost-bound snaw was firm,  
 And bare our weight beside the reeky lum,  
 And to ilk ither 'neath our breath we said  
 She's dead and gane, poor saul ! she's stark and stiff ;  
 The snaw that lies upon her ingle stane,  
 'Twill be nae caulder, whiter than hersel' ;  
 Syne down the chimley cried, wi' beatin' hearts, " Ho, Effie, lass !"   
 Then hushed and awed we heark'ned, till a voice,  
 Broken and feeble, to our shout replied,  
 As from a charnel house, and gard us start—  
 And wat oor e'en wi' tearfu' draps o' joy,  
 " God has been wi' me, freends, else I had deed."

We bore the guid auld body to my hame.  
 My Shusie took and nursed her like a bairn,  
 We never tired to hear her tell her tale—  
 Hoo that she woke ae morn surprised to find  
 The snaw sae deep around—a feedin' storm !  
 Hoo that she tried wi' a' her might to leave  
 Her crazy bield to seek some neighbour's aid,  
 And that she was driven back as aft's she strave,  
 Half smoored wi' drift—bewildered, and richt fain  
 To steek her door against the whirling blast :—  
 Hoo that she ca'd for human aid in vain,  
 Her hands she wrung, and then wi' tearfu' ee,  
 Unto her Maker on her knees she prayed ;  
 Then rose wi' heart relieved, happy amais—  
 At least resigned ;—by a' the warld forgot,  
 But safe beneath His ever sheltering wing,  
 Wha gars the widow's heart wi' joy to sing.

Her store of fuel she brunt, till nought remained  
But bed and table, and the auld arm chair ;  
Partook o' food, just what would bare suffice  
To keep the life in. Muckle thought she then  
On her lost dear ones, whom she hoped to see,  
Whar death and pairtings never mair wud be.

She said when a' was closed and silent round—  
Cauld, solemn, silent as a sepulchre—  
As midnight dark (save where one gleam of light  
Pierced through the lum, and showed her when 'twas day),  
And days and nights wore on without relief ;  
She seemed to have nae trouble, care, or fear ;  
Her kist o' meal grew toom, but she was calm ;  
Her thochts upon Zarephath's widow dwelt,  
And aye she prayed Elijah's God would send,  
Or speedy help, or else a speedy end.  
When, lo ! a tod cam' rushing doon the vent,  
And at her feet he laid a new-killed hare,  
Then swiftly started off, and soon returned  
Wi' a brave black-cock—and ilk ither day  
The welcome robber cam' wi' fresh supply  
Of new-caught various game, until her bield  
Was just a weel-stored awmrie for them baith ;  
Wi' thankfu' heart she kept her ingle bricht,  
And Heaven's ain sunshine cheered her eerie nicht.

Sae was she fed, and sic her dainty fare ;  
For God who sent Elijah in the wilds  
Food by his ravens, thus her wants supplied.  
Aft wud she clasp her withered hands and tell,  
Wi' gratefu' tears, hoo on the snow-clad steep,  
The Faithful Shepherd fed His lonely sheep.  
Effie—God rest her soul—lang syne has fa'en asleep.

## THE ONE DEAR SHIP.

RIPPLE over the yellow sand,  
Thou dark grey sea,  
Bring from a far, far distant land  
My one love to me ;  
Ripple over the yellow sand  
Where curlews dip—  
Bring from a far, far foreign strand  
The one dear ship.  
Ripple over the salt sea wrack,  
White with the foam—  
Bring on thy flowing, shining track  
My one love home ;  
Ripple over the yellow sand,  
Thou cold, grey sea—  
Give me to clasp my one love's hand,  
His face to see ;  
Ripple over the yellow sand,  
With grey rocks piled—  
Bring him, by favouring fair winds fanned,  
To see his child.  
Ripple over the yellow sand  
Where sunbeams dip ;  
Bring home the loved the gallant sailor band—  
The one dear ship.  
Ripple over the sandy bay  
Like mourning dove ;  
Bring from a land far, far away  
My heart's one love.  
Ripple over the yellow sand—  
Why did we part ?

I ne'er shall see his face nor clasp his hand.  
Break, break, my heart !  
Ripple over the yellow sand  
Where curlews dip.  
A sail ! a sail ! in sight of land !  
The one dear ship !

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## THE REQUEST.

## A SONG.

GIVE me that rosebud ere we part,  
That I may lay it near my heart ;  
My tears shall water it like rain,  
Until we two shall meet again.

My sighs shall keep its colour bright,  
My hand shall press it day and night,  
My kisses shall its life retain,  
Until we two shall meet again.

It shall enchanting perfume give,  
Because my life in it shall live,  
My love, my joy, my hope, my pain,  
Until we two shall meet again.

Give me that rosebud ere we part,  
That I may lay it near my heart ;  
A pledge of love it shall remain,  
Until we two shall meet again.

## BIRDS AND BUDS.

## A SONG.

MARK ! the leafless woodlands ring  
 With the wild birds carolling  
 To the wild buds blossoming.

Welcome ! welcome ! welcome Spring !  
 Lads and lasses, glad and gay ;  
 Welcome Nature's holiday.

Gather, gather, gather, gather,  
 In the mosses, grass and heather,  
 Vernal blooms in vernal weather.

Gather, gather, gather, gather  
 Purple velvet violets,  
 In their dark green coverlets,  
 By the clear, cold rivulets.  
 Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Starry pale primroses,  
 Gilding all the grass with posies,  
 Closing when the evening closes.  
 Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Fragile white anemones,  
 Quivering to the tender breeze,  
 In the shadow of the trees.  
 Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Glossy yellow celandines,  
 Glittering underneath the pines,  
 Where the rushing river shines.  
 Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Orange-tinted marigolds,  
In the marshes, on the wolds,  
By the fountains, by the folds.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Golden-crested daffodils,  
Saxifrage upon the hills,  
By the sweetly-sounding rills.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Buttercups and pink-tipped daisies  
Dotting all the grassy mazes,  
Where the milky heifer grazes.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Bridal blossoms of the May,  
Silvered by the sparkling spray,  
Where the torrent runs away.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Lilies, crocuses, and pansies,  
Purer than the moon's pure glances,  
Sweeter than the sweetest fancies.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Wood-born sorrel veined with red,  
By the mossy blackberry bed,  
Where the Autumn leaves lie dead.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Hyacinths that in the wells  
See the shadow of their bells,  
Blue and pink as ocean shells.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Tawny clustering cowslips,  
Opening their fragrant lips,  
Where the black-eyed ousel dips.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Spiral, spotted orchises,  
Flowering rushes, irises,  
Bending to the wild bees' kisses.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Willow tassels near the lake,  
Curling brecken in the brake,  
All the new-born buds awake.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Garlanded with fresh green flosses,  
Coral buds, cornelian mosses,  
Which the golden sun embosses.  
Gather, gather, gather, gather, &c.

Hark ! the leafless woodlands ring  
With the wild birds carolling  
To the wild buds blossoming.

Blackbird, thrush, rose linnet, sing !  
Welcome ! welcome, welcome Spring !  
Shepherds, choose your Queen of May,  
This is Nature's holiday.

Chirrup, blue tit, in the twigs ;  
Twitter, goldfinch, in the sprigs ;  
Wren and robin in the leaves,  
Swallow building in the eaves,  
Yellow water wagtail, chaffinch,  
Silver water wagtail, greenfinch,

Sparrow, sky-lark, wood-lark sing  
 To the wild buds blossoming,  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome Spring !  
 Lads and lasses glad and gay,  
 Welcome Nature's holiday.

Gather, gather, gather, gather  
 In the mosses, grass, and heather,  
 Vernal blooms in vernal weather,  
 Ere the sun in splendour sets,  
 Ere the dew the meadow wets ;  
 In their fresh green coverlets,  
 Purple velvet violets,  
 By the cold, clear rivulets.

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### MY THOUGHTS.

**I**N Scotland's birken bowers and pine tree woods these THOUGHTS  
 were born,  
 My spirit nursed them at the break of day and breezy morn,  
     'Mid heather, moss, and ferns,  
     By highland cairns.

By freshets sparkling, flashing to the sun from June to June,  
 To sun, moon, stars, and clouds singing evermore the same old tune.  
     Where, amid crowing grouse,  
     The dun deer browse.

Where primroses embroidered dark green rings of the fairies,  
 They peeped with me into the rosebud's crimson sanctuaries,  
     Where rush o'er granite walls  
     The waterfalls.

They sang to me at noon, in dim sequestered nooks and glades,  
Where orchises and foxgloves red and white, lit up the shades,  
And watched the minnows glance,  
Where brooklets dance.

They loved the fir-trees' bright green polished cones and russet  
stem,  
The trembling bluebells bowed beneath my feet were dear to them,  
Where to the daffodils  
The blithe lark trills.

They walked with me through moonlit groves and dells in gloaming  
hours,  
And stole some sweetness from the balmy breath of sleeping  
flowers ;  
And sipped the drops of dew  
Where cowslips grew.

They climbed with me the craggy peaks of Grampian mountains  
hoar,  
From whose rough ridges, lichen-crowned, the golden eagles soar :  
We heard the curlew's wail  
Borne on the gale.

The heathbells bloomed for us—pale dawn with lilies crowned the  
day,  
And lakes upon their silver shields caught the first golden ray,  
And mirrored morning's blush  
With fainter flush.

I worshipped Nature, and to me she sang her soothing lays :  
If that my song has power to charm, hers is the meed of praise.  
On me her loving eyes  
Looked tenderwise.

To me it ever was a joyful, sweet, and precious thing,  
In the green fields to muse and dream when buds were blossoming,  
And hear the woods prolong  
The blackbird's song.

Dear was the cushat's minstrelsy, in woods with moonbeams white ;  
When darkness hid the stars, sweet were my communings with  
night ;

To me the owl's lorn cry  
Was melody.

The wild flowers rose to kiss my feet, the wild birds sang to me ;  
The wailing winds and rippling streams, with mystic harmony,  
Attuned my spirit's chords  
To soothing words.

In the still hours we wandered forth to hear the river's roll,  
The mournful murmur of the leaves was music to my soul,  
And thoughts of other years  
Awoke in tears.

MY THOUGHTS my sweet companions are, as in the days of old,  
In lonely wilderness, in deep defile, in pathless wold.  
More chastened, more subdued  
By solitude.

Sweet my delight in passing through a world that runs to waste,  
To gather and embalm the flowers with which its fields are graced.  
May these, fresh from my heart,  
Sweet THOUGHTS impart.









